



John Aiken

1842

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ESSAYS
ON
SONG-WRITING:
WITH A COLLECTION OF SUCH
ENGLISH SONGS
AS ARE MOST EMINENT FOR
POETICAL MERIT.
TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
SOME ORIGINAL PIECES.

Nec, si quid olim lussit Anacreon
Delevit ætas; spirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commissi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ.

HORAT.

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P R E F A C E.

ON conversing with a few of my friends who were lovers of poetry, I have frequently joined them in lamenting that the number of excellent songs which our language afforded, were so dispersed through a variety of authors, or overwhelmed in injudicious collections, that it was a most difficult matter to discover and enjoy the riches of this kind which we possessed. We observed that every collection of songs, without exception, was degraded by dullness, or debased by indecency; and that song-writing scarcely seemed in any of them to be considered as a pleasing species of poetical composition, but merely as

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serving

serving for the conveyance of some favourite tunes. We were concerned to find that the more modern any collection was, it was remarkably the more deficient in poetical merit; so that a total decay of all taste for genuine poetry, in this pleasing branch of it, was to be apprehended. This we in great measure attributed to the fashionable rage for music, which had encouraged such a mushroom growth of comic operas, that vile mongrel of the drama, where the most enchanting tunes are suited with the most flat and wretched combinations of words that ever disgraced the genius of a nation; and where the miserable versifier only appears as the hired underling of a musical composer. We thought therefore, that it would be a meritorious piece of service to the cause of poetry, by uniting into one firm body the most excellent productions in song-writing, to form a barrier against the modish insipidity of the age, and to gratify such real lovers of genius as yet remain amongst us.

This

This task I was induced to undertake; and were I to make a boastful recital of the numerous volumes of song-collections and miscellany poems which I have turned over for the purpose, it would show that industry at least had not been wanting in accomplishing it. This kind of praise, however, is of so inferior a nature, that, I confess, it would scarcely satisfy my ambition. During the progress of my researches, I was insensibly led to make some remarks on the peculiar character and diversities of the pieces which passed in review before me, and to form comparisons between them, and others, the produce of a different age and country. As the subject had novelty to recommend it, and was suited to my inclinations, I was incited to pursue it to a length which seemed to render it lawful for me to take the title of an Essayist, instead of a mere compiler. If the attempts which should support this more honourable character have not the fortune to meet with approbation,

I must be contented with my humble endeavours to please by the merits of others; yet I cannot acknowledge any impropriety in the design, well remembering that Horace promises his friends not only to present them with verse, but to tell them the worth of his present.

*It may perhaps be a matter of surprise, that after so much labour I have not been able to furnish a larger collection than is here offered; but on considering the manner in which these pieces have been ushered into the world, the wonder will cease. The chief sources of good songs, are the miscellany poems and plays from the time of Charles the second to the conclusion of Queen Ann's reign. Most of these were given in the earliest collections, mixed however with the trash of the times, and copied from one to another with no farther variation than substituting new trash for such as was out of date. In the most modern collections, all the beauties, as well as the insipid pieces
of*

of the early ones are discarded, and the whole is made up of favourite airs from the fashionable comic operas of the winter, and the summer warblings at Vauxhall, Ranelagh and Spring Gardens; so that in a year's time they are as much out of date as an almanack. From this account it will be perceived, that after making use of one of the best old collections as a standard, all the rest were little more than mere repetitions; and that the very modern ones were entirely useless.

After all, I would not presume to say that I have culled every valuable production which this branch of poetry affords. Difference of taste will always prevent uniformity of judgment, even where the faculties of judging are equal; and I have been much less solicitous to give a collection to which nothing could be added, than one from which nothing could reasonably be rejected. In song-writing, as well as in every other production of art, there

is a large class of the mediocres, which are of such dubious merit as would allow the reader to hesitate in his approbation of them. I have felt very little scruple in rejecting a number of these. It is not enough that poetry does not disgust, it ought to give raptures. A much more disagreeable piece of severity was the rejection of several pieces, marked with a rich vein of genuine poetry, but not sufficiently guarded from offending that charming delicacy of the sex, which every man must admire, and ought to respect. These were the luxuriances of an age, when the men of pleasure lavished wit and genius, as well as health and fortune, upon their diversions. Had they lived at a time when taste was more refined, and manners were less licentious, their natural gallantry would have restrained them from offering an outrage to those, whom they most wished for readers and admirers.

I hope I have now said enough to intimate for what class of readers this work is calculated

lated. The soft warbler, who fills up a vacancy of thought with a tune, in which the succession of words gives no idea but that of a succession of sounds, will here be much disappointed in meeting with the names of Prior, Congreve and Landfdown, instead of Arne, Brent and Tenducci. The midnight roarer of coarse jest and obscenity will be still farther out of his element. But to those who are enamoured with that sacred art, which beyond every other elevates and refines the soul, to whom the sprightly lyre of Horace and Anacreon, and the melting music of Sappho still sound, though ages have passed since they vibrated on the ear, I will venture to promise a source of enjoyment, from the works of those great masters whose names adorn this collection, which I hope they will not think too dearly purchased by the perusal of such introductory matter as is submitted to their candid examination.

* * * The writer's name is added to each piece wherever it was known—any farther information sent to the publisher, will be thankfully received.

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E R R A T A.

- Page 70, line 13, for *maiden* read *beauty*.
 Page 82, line 14, for *plain* read *plains*.
 Page 96, line ult. for *there* read *their*.
 Page 113, line 10, for *transports* read *transport*.
 Page 114, line 2, for *sudden* read *subtle*.
 Page 151, line 9, for *lovely* read *lonely*.
 P. 198, and following throughout the French songs, for *ceur* r. *cœur*.
 Page 199, line 10, for *la* read *le*.
 Ib. line 11, for *petites* read *petits*.
 Page 200, line 15, for *D'un* read *D'une*.
 Page 201, line 4, for *perdriguez* read *perderiez*.
 Ib. line 11, for *petites* read *petits*.
 Ib. line 12. for *la* read *le*.

I.

E S S A Y

O N

S O N G - W R I T I N G

I N G E N E R A L.

WHILE the two capital species of poetry, the epic and dramatic, have long engaged the nicest attention of taste and criticism, the humbler but not less pleasing productions of the muse have not obtained that notice from the critic to which the exertions of the poet would seem to entitle them. This will appear the more extraordinary when we reflect that some of the most excellent productions in the former have been the spontaneous growth

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growth of a rude and uncultivated soil, whereas the latter have never flourished without acquired richness in the soil and the fostering hand of art. This critical neglect has given rise to uncertainty in the distinctions and irregularity in the composition of most of the minor classes of poetry; and while the long established divisions of ode, elegy and epigram are involved in these difficulties, it is not a matter of wonder to meet with them in the modern pieces which range under the general title of *Songs*.

ALTHOUGH many of our most celebrated poets have exercised their talents in composing these little pieces, and their pleasing effect is universally known and acknowledged, yet have we but one professed criticism on their composition; and this, though elegant and ingenious, is both too short and too superficial to give precision
and

and accuracy to our ideas on this subject. It is contained in a paper of the Guardian written by Mr. Phillips.

IN attempting the task of determining with exactness the nature of song-writing, and the various distinctions of which it is susceptible, together with the specific excellence of each, I find it therefore necessary to go far back into the origin of poetry in general, and to recur to those first principles existing in the human mind, which alone can give a firm foundation to our deductions.

THE original poetry of all nations must have been very much confined to the description of external objects, and the narration of events. This is a necessary consequence of the barrenness of infant language with regard to abstract ideas, and is confirmed by the remains of antiquity

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which

4 ON SONG-WRITING

which have reached us. Among a fierce and warlike people constantly engaged in enterprizes of arms, poetry was solely employed in rehearsing the valorous deeds of their heroes, and the horrid pictures of war and desolation were enlivened by the kindred imagery of whatever nature afforded of the awful, terrific and stupendous. In happier regions where the mild inhabitants were suited to the softness and luxury of the climate, the business of poetry was to paint the surrounding profusion of beautiful objects, the pleasing incidents of a pastoral life, the tender cares and ravishing delights of love. This passion found as apt a comparison with the beautiful scenes of nature, as war and destruction could do with its glooms and horrors.

OSSIAN and Theocritus will afford compleat instances of the first poetry in its two different branches. Mingling
storms,

storms, roaring torrents, swelling oceans, lightning and thunder, paint the dreadful battle pieces of the Caledonian; while the murmuring brook, the green meadow, the bleating flocks, the simple shepherd and his artless fair, deck out the rural landscape of the Grecian. Thus heroic and pastoral poetry are at first formed, consisting chiefly of description and imagery. The passion of military glory in the one, and of love in the other, would indeed add sentiment to the picture, but even these sentiments must be expressed by a reference to external objects. The lover who had fought for natural comparisons to paint the charms of his mistress, must seek for others to express the emotions of his mind. He must *burn* with desire and *freeze* with disdain, rage with the *ocean* and sigh with the *zephyr*, hope must *enlighten* him with its *rays*, and despair *darken* him with its

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gloom. The effects which the passions produce upon the body, would also prove a happy source of the description of emotions. Thus the fluttering pulse, the changing colour, the feverish glow, the failing heart and the confused senses, being natural and invariable symptoms of the passion of love, would soon be observed by the poet, and successfully used to heighten his description. Hitherto all is simple and natural, and poetry so far from being the art of fiction, is the faithful copyist of external objects and real emotions. But the mind of man cannot long be confined within prescribed limits; there is an internal eye constantly stretching its view beyond the bounds of natural vision, and something new, something greater, more beautiful, more excellent, is required to gratify its noble longing. This eye of the mind is the imagination—it peoples the world with new beings, it embodies
abstract

abstract ideas, it suggests unexpected resemblances, it creates first, and then presides over its creation with absolute sway. Not less accurately and philosophically than poetically has our great Shakespeare described this faculty in the following lines.

The poet's eye in a fine phrenzy rolling
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The form of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

THE most essential differences in poetical composition may be referred to the circumstance of its turning upon nature or fiction, and on this will depend its fitness or unfitness to produce peculiar effects. In general whatever is designed to move the passions cannot be too natural and simple. It is also evident that when

the professed design of the poet is to paint the beauties of nature and the rural landscape of pastoral life, he must give as great an air of reality as possible to his piece, since an ill imitation necessarily produces disgust. On the other hand when the aim is to elevate and surprize, to gratify a love of novelty and the pleasing luxury of indulging the fancy, all the powers of fiction must be set at work, and the imagination employed without controul to create new images and discover uncommon resemblances and connexions. To pursue our instance taken from the passion of love, the poet who wishes rather to please and surprize than to move, will ransack heaven and earth for objects of brilliant and unusual comparison with every circumstance relating to the passion itself or its object. He will not value sentiment as the real offspring of an emotion, but as susceptible of ingenious turns,

striking

striking contrasts and pleasing allusions. He will not compose from the heart but the head, and will consult his imagination rather than his sensations. This quality is peculiarly termed wit, and a just taste for it is never acquired without a considerable degree of national refinement. Pieces of wit are therefore later in their date than any others.

THIS brief account of the progress of poetry in general being premised, let us proceed to a nearer inspection of our subject.

IN attempting to fix a meaning to the word *song*, the first idea which strikes us arises from its name, signifying something to be sung. We shall discuss this a little at large.

THE union of music with poetry must
appear

appear extremely natural. We find it to have taken place universally in the uncultivated state of all nations, and to have continued partially in the most refined. In all languages the words expressing vocal music have been also used indiscriminately to signify poetry; and though we at present consider such expressions as figurative, there is no doubt but they were originally natural. The sacred name of *song* was not then prostituted to a succession of unmeaning sounds tortured into music through the odious pipe of an equivocal mutilated animal; it was a general term to express all that the sister muses of poetry and melody could combine to delight the ear and ravish the heart. This enchanting union is now in great measure dissolved, yet I will venture to assert that it was not poetry but her less sentimental companion music who began the separation. The luxury of artificial harmony,
 taking

taking place of the simple graces of melody rendered instrumental music chiefly sought after, and the assistance of poetry in consequence unnecessary. The present age is characterized by a languid sensual indolence, averse even in its pleasures to any thing that requires attention of the mind. The ear instead of being an avenue to the heart, expects to be gratified merely as an organ of sense, and the heroine, poetry, must give place to the harlot, music. And when the latter has deigned to borrow the vehicle of words, she has shown by her choice that she has regarded poetry rather as a burden upon her exertions than an assistant.

THE term *song* may therefore be considered in a double sense—if the idea of music prevails, it signifies no more than a set of words calculated for adaption to a tune; if poetry be the principal object, it is a species

species of poetical composition regulated by peculiar laws, and susceptible of a certain definition, still however retaining so much of the musical idea as to make it an essential circumstance, that by a regularly returning measure it be capable of being set to a tune.

A SONG as a poetical composition may be defined, a short piece, divided into returning portions of measure, and formed upon a single incident, thought or sentiment. Under this definition the general subject from which the particular topic is taken is not restricted; but it has been found that emotions of tenderness and gaiety are peculiarly adapted to song-writing. Custom therefore has almost solely confined the general subject of songs to love and wine, and it must be acknowledged that the nature of the composition, and the assistance of music, contribute to
give

give these subjects a peculiar air of gracefulness and propriety.

A NUMBER of distinctions have been formed in modern poetry from trifling particularities in the versification of these pieces, such as the number of lines composing a stanza, the repetition of a line at regular distances, the ordonnance of the rhyme, and the like.

THE laborious Baron Bielfield, in his *elements of universal erudition*, has thought it worth while to particularize a great variety of these distinctions in French poetry, such as the Sonnet, the Rondeau, the Vau-deville, &c. I cannot but consider these petty diversities as very unessential to the poetical character of any composition; this cursory mention is therefore all the notice I shall bestow on them.

IF we examine the poetical remains of antiquity,

antiquity, we shall find various examples of pieces which come under the foregoing description of a *song*. That beautiful relique of Sappho, which is well known to the English reader by Mr. Phillips's excellent translation

“Blest as the immortal Gods is he,” &c.

is an exact model of song-writing. The poems of the gay and sprightly Anacreon are almost all *songs* in every respect except the measure, which instead of being divided into returning stanzas, is uniform. Yet this would not necessarily disqualify it for musical adaption, and there is no doubt but they were really sung and accompanied with instrumental music. The Odes of Horace contain many beautiful specimens of the *song* compleat in every circumstance. All these pieces are handed down to us under the denomination of Lyric poetry, the nature of which, as intimately

imately connected with our subject, it will be proper to examine with some attention.

THE union of music and poetry among the ancients was very strict. It would seem that they had no idea of the music of sounds without words, and they appear seldom or never to have used vocal music without accompaniment with instrumental. The lyre was the favourite instrument for this purpose, and hence that species of poetry designed to be sung to music acquired the denomination of Lyric. Yet we have variety of proof that this term is applied with equal propriety to poetry accompanied with any other instrument. Horace abounds with such instances—it will be sufficient to refer to his first ode

————— *si neque tibus*

Euterpe cohibet, nec Polyhymnia

Lesbom refugit tendere barbiton.

immedi-

immediately after, to fix the class of poets to which he belongs, he says

Quod si me Lyricis vatibus inferes.

To answer this purpose of musical adaptation, Lyric poetry has always been in possession of a variety of measures, differing indeed greatly among themselves, but all very distinguishable from the stately regular march of Heroics, and the languid inequality of elegy. Thus the Anacreontic is smart and lively, the Sapphic tender and melodious, the irregular Pindaric suited to the sudden changes and unbounded flights of the wild various music of the passions. Horace affords a fine profusion of regularly returning measures suited to all the varieties of musical expression, many of which one can scarcely read without falling into a natural music.

So far Lyric poetry is characterized by
its

its manner of composition; will it also admit of a character from the nature of its subjects? It has been already observed that the pieces of Sappho and Anacreon are formed entirely upon gay and amorous topics. A beautiful variety of poems of this cast is to be met with in Horace, and he frequently mentions the peculiar suitability of them to the Lyric muse. Thus

Nos convivia, nos prælia virginum
 Strictis in juvenes unguibus acrium
 Cantamus -----

Nolis longa feræ bella Numantiæ,
 Nec dirum Hannibalem, nec Siculum mare
 Pæno purpureum sanguine, mollibus
 Aptari citharæ modis.

Non hoc jocosæ conveniet lyræ.
 Quo Musa tendis? desine pervicax
 Referre sermones Deorum, et
 Magna modis tenuare parvis.

BUT what must we think of these declarations when he nobly breaks out “*Quem virum aut heroa,*” &c. when he undertakes with such success to sing the great actions of Augustus, the praises of Drusus, and the poetical character of Pindar, with Pindar’s own fire and sublimity? In that beautiful ode, the 9th of the 4th book, where he sketches out the Grecian bards, his predecessors in Lyric poetry, we find the

Cæque, Alceique minaces
Stesichorique graves Camenæ,

as well as the wanton gaiety of Anacreon and the amorous softness of the Lesbian maid. One of the oldest pieces of Grecian Lyric poetry extant, is a heroic ode sung by the Athenians at their public feasts in commemoration of Harmodius and Aristogiton. The odes of Pindar celebrate

celebrate the victors at the Olympic games, and the hymns of Callimachus rise to the praises of the Gods.

FROM these instances it appears that Lyric poetry does not admit of any distinguishing characteristic from its subject, but merely from the circumstance of its accompaniment with music: thus Horace briefly defines it “*verba focianda chordis.*” But this circumstance will in some measure influence the choice of a subject, as it is evident that long continued narration, the didactic part of any art or science, and satire, are not suitable topics for a species of poetry which above all others is calculated to please, elevate and surprize.

IF we now compare the idea here given of Lyric poetry, with what was before observed concerning song-writing, it will plainly appear that the latter is one branch

of the former; that, to wit, which in its subject is confined to gaiety and tenderness, or, to express it classically, the Sapphic and Anacreontic. The graver and sublimer strains of the Lyric muse are exemplified in the modern ode, a species of composition which admits of the boldest flights of poetical enthusiasm, and the wildest creations of the imagination, and requires the assistance of every figure that can adorn language, and raise it above its ordinary pitch.

CRITICS have very commonly lamented that the moderns fall short of the antients more particularly in this species of poetry than in any other; yet, did it belong to my present subject, I should not despair of convincing an impartial reader, that the English names of Dryden, Gray, Akenfide, Mason, Collins, Warton, are not inferior in real poetical elevation to the most renowned

nowned Grecian or Roman which antiquity can produce. The modern ode and the song are in general distinguishable by their subject, by the different degree of elevation and ornament in the language, and by a greater length and irregularity in the measure of the former, which is not adapted to vocal music. Yet as these distinctions are rather relative than absolute, it is easy to see that they may approach each others limits so as to render it dubious under which class they range, which would be the case with many of Horace's odes if converted to English poems.

WE are now prepared to make use of the general deduction of the progress of the mind through the different stages of poetical composition, formerly attempted, in forming an arrangement of songs into a few distinct classes.

THE rude original pastoral poetry of our country furnishes the first class in the popular pieces called ballads. These consist of the village tale, the dialogue of rustic courtship, the description of natural objects, and the incidents of a rural life. Their language is the language of nature, simple and unadorned; their story is not the wild offspring of fancy, but the probable adventure of the cottage; and their sentiments are the unstudied expressions of passions and emotions common to all mankind.

NATURE, further refined, but still nature, gives the second class of pieces containing the sentimental part of the former, abstracted from the tale and rural landscape, and improved by a more studied observation of the internal feelings of passion and their external symptoms. It is the natural philosophy of the mind, and
the

the description of sensations. Here love appears in all its various forms of desire, doubt, jealousy, hope, despair; and suggests a language, rich, strong, and figurative. This is what may strictly be called the pathetic in poetry.

THE third class is formed upon an artificial turn of thinking, and the operation of the fancy. Here the sentiments arise from cool reflexion and curious speculation, rather than from a present emotion. They accordingly require enlivening by ingenious comparison, striking contrast, unexpected turns, a climax finishing in a point, and all the pleasing refinements of art which give the denomination of ingenious and witty to our conceptions. Some essential distinctions will appear in this class arising from the various kinds of wit; but they all agree in the circumstance of springing rather from fancy than passion, and con-

frequently of exciting pleasure and surprize rather than the sympathetic emotions.

IT is observable that it is this class alone which answers the idea Mr. Phillips gives of song-writing in his little essay; and hence he has been betrayed into a little inconsistency; for while he compares song-writing in general to the gay and amorous species of antient Lyric poetry, he refers us to the French songs as examples of perfection, which are almost solely of the witty and ingenious kind, and totally different from most of the remains of antiquity. In particular the little epigrammatic song which he there cites and translates, is so entirely dissimilar to the celebrated piece of Sappho which he has so happily made his own, that it is wonderful the distinction did not strike him.

I SHALL just further remark with regard
to

to the proposed arrangement of our collection, that when genius is left to itself without fixed laws to conduct it, each different species of writing is so apt by imperceptible gradations to slide into the next in kindred, that it is frequently impossible for the critic to preserve his classes pure and free from mixture, without a too scrupulous rejection of pieces really beautiful though somewhat faulty in regularity. The reader will easily perceive, and I hope make proper allowances for several instances of equivocal arrangement, which from this cause I have not been able to avoid.

II.

E S S A Y

O N

B A L L A D S

A N D

PASTORAL SONGS.

THE ballad may be considered as the native species of poetry of this country. It very exactly answers the idea formerly given of original poetry, being the rude uncultivated verse in which the popular tale of the times was recorded.

As

As our ancestors partook of the fierce warlike character of the northern nations, the subjects of their poetry would chiefly consist of the martial exploits of their heroes, and the military events of national history, deeply tinged with that passion for the marvellous, and that superstitious credulity, which always attend a state of ignorance and barbarism. Many of the ancient ballads have been transmitted to the present times, and in them the character of the nation displays itself in striking colours. The boastful history of her victories, the prowess of her favourite kings and captains, and the wonderful adventures of the legendary saint and knight errant, are the topics of the rough rhyme and unadorned narration which was ever the delight of the vulgar, and is now an object of curiosity to the antiquarian and man of taste. As it is not my design to collect pieces of this sort, which is already done in a very
elegant

elegant manner by Mr. Percy in his *Reliques of antient English poetry*, I shall proceed to consider the ballad more as an artificial than a natural species of composition.

WHEN language became refined, and poetical taste elevated, by an acquaintance with the Greek and Latin authors, the subjects of the Epic muse were no longer drest in the homely garb of the popular ballad, but assumed the borrowed ornament and stately air of heroic poetry, and every poetical attempt in the sublime and beautiful cast was an imitation of the classic models. The native poetry of the country was reserved merely for the humorous and burlesque, and the term ballad was brought by custom to signify, a comic story, told in low familiar language, and accompanied with a droll trivial tune. It was much used by the wits of the time

as

as a vehicle for laughable ridicule, and mirthful satire, and a great variety of the most pleasing specimens of this kind of writing is to be found in the ballads of the witty æra of English genius, which I take to be comprehended between the beginning of Charles the Second's reign, and the times of Swift and Prior. Since that period the genius of the age has chiefly been characterized by the correct, elegant, and tender; and a real or affected taste for beautiful simplicity has almost universally prevailed. This has produced several imitations of the antient ballad as a serious composition, turned however in its general subject from the story of martial adventure to the pathetic tale of the peaceful village. It is a just taste, founded upon real observation of nature, which enjoins simplicity of expression in every attempt to engage the sympathetic emotions; we have many delightful examples of its success, and I
hope

hope in this collection to prove by some powerful appeals to the heart, how sweetly the antient ballad, judiciously imitated, is adapted to this purpose. A delicate sense of propriety, and nice judgment are required to conduct the plan of simplicity in such a manner as to retain all its beauties without sinking into insipidity or disgusting vulgarity. In general, we should aim at it rather by dropping all ornament and glitter, than by putting on an affected rusticity, and making use of antiquated expressions. We should be particularly careful that simplicity reigns in the thoughts as well as the language, a very essential piece of uniformity, which yet some writers of eminence have not always observed. If the piece be narrative, such circumstances of the story as tell it in the most striking manner are to be held out to view, and their effect is not to be interrupted by simile or metaphor, or any of the artificial prettinesses of language

language that may fall in the way. They have no business here; they do not accord with that string of the soul which is here to be struck.

As it is absolutely essential to all imitations of the antient ballad, that the story on which they are founded with all its circumstances and manners should be perfectly natural, and appropriated to our own soil, I cannot include several pieces of the *pastoral* kind under the title of ballads, though very nearly resembling them in point of simplicity and style of composition. Pastoral poetry is a native of happier climates, where the face of nature, and the manners of the people are widely different from those of our northern regions. What is reality on the soft Arcadian and Sicilian plains, is all fiction here; and though by reading we may be so familiarized to these imaginary scenes as to acquire

quire a sort of natural taste for them, yet, like the fine fruits of the south they will never be so far naturalized to the soil as to flourish without borrowed warmth and forced culture. The justice of this observation is sufficiently proved, by the ill success of those attempts in the mixed pastoral, where the rude speech and rough manners of our English hinds have been engrafted upon the foreign poetical character of the shepherd swain. This gave occasion to Pope's well known ridicule of Phillips; and it is this incongruity of character which is the foundation of the burlesque in Gay's *shepherd's week*, in which some natural strokes of beautiful simplicity and the real pathetic are designedly paired in so odd a manner with humour and parody, that one is at a loss whether to take it as jest or earnest—whether to laugh or cry. Indeed this effect is also produced in his two dramatic burlesques, the *Beggar's*

gar's Opera, and What d'ye call it; for how ludicrous soever the general character of the piece may be, when he comes so near to hanging and shooting in good earnest, the joke ceases; and I have observed the tolling of St. Pulcre's bell received by an audience with as much tragical attention and sympathetic terror as that in Venice preserved.

No attempt to naturalize pastoral poetry appears to have succeeded better than Ramfay's Gentle Shepherd: it has a considerable air of reality, and the descriptive parts, in general, are in the genuine taste of beautiful simplicity. Yet the sentiments and manners are far from being entirely proper to the characters, and while some descend so low as to be disgusting, others are elevated far beyond nature. The real character of a Scottish or English shepherd is by much too coarse

for poetry. I suspect Ramfay gains a great advantage among us by writing in the Scotch Dialect: this not being familiar to us, and scarcely understood, softens the harsher parts, and gives a kind of foreign air that eludes the critic's severity. Some writers in aiming at a natural simplicity of sentiment, have sunk into filliness, and have given their characters not only the innocence, but the weakness of a child. In that admirable piece of burlesque criticism, the Bathos of Scriblerus, are some ludicrous instances of puerility of sentiment and expression from Phillips's pastorals, and, I confess, this fault, to me, appears palpable in a piece which, by being introduced to notice in the Spectator, is universally known and admired—I mean the pastoral song of Colin and Phoebe.

THERE is one point in which a pastoral writer of any country may venture to follow

low nature exactly and with a minute nicety: this is in the scenery and description. Natural objects are scarcely ever disgusting, and there is no country so unblest as to be unprovided with an ample store of beauties, which must ever please in an accurate representation, independently on all fashion or peculiarity of taste. It is unpardonable in a poet to borrow these from any fountain but nature herself, and hereby he will most certainly avoid the mistakes and incongruity of imagery, which they are so apt to fall into who describe from ideas gained by reading rather than observation. The preservation of propriety in this respect is of capital importance in description, since nothing so effectually ruins the beauty of picturesque scenery, as the introduction of any circumstance which tends to falsify it. It awakens the mind from her dream of fancy, and the “baseless fabric of the vision” instantly va-

nishes. An ingenious critic has instanced this fault from Milton's *Comus*, where in the spirit's address to Sabrina, after very properly wishing

May thy brimmed waves for this
 Their full tribute never miss,
 Summer's drought or singed air
 Never scorch thy tresses fair,

He adds

May thy billows roll ashore
 The beryl and the golden ore,

And here and there thy banks along
 With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

which have no propriety when applied to an English river. It gives me pleasure to instance the opposite beauty. Michael Drayton, an old English poet, in a pastoral

ral

ral song entitled Dowfabel (in Mr. Percy's collection) describes his shepherdess in the following comparifons.

Her features all as fresh above,
 As is the graffe that grows by Dove,
 And lyth as laffe of Kent :
 Her skin as soft as Lemfter wool,
 As white as snow on Peakifh Hull,
 Or fwanne that fwims in Trent.

He goes on in the ftory

This mayden in a morn betime
 Went forth, when May was in her prime
 To get fweet cetywall ;
 The honey-fuckle, the harlocke,
 The lily and the lady fmocke,
 To deck her fummer hall.

It is impoffible for description to be more lively, or more confiftently proper.

THAT there is still room for novelty in this walk has lately been agreeably shown in the pastorals of Mr. Smith the landscape painter, which, however unequal and deficient in harmony and correctness, have infinitely more merit than Pope's melodious ecchoes of eccho. Mr. Smith's pieces will also illustrate my former remark, that the manners and sentiments of our rural vulgar cannot be rendered pleasing subjects for poetry; for where he paints them most naturally they are least agreeable.

THIS then appears to be the rule of taste for modern pastoral writers—to be general in character and sentiment, but particular in description. The poetical shepherd and shepherdess are characters of great uniformity; for, the originals having been long extinct, all have copied after the same models. The passion of love is the
eternal

eternal source of pastoral sentiment, and however various it may be in its nature, all its changes and intricacies must surely be at length explored, after it has in so many ages and countries exercised the utmost abilities of human genius.

NOTHING therefore remains to produce novelty, but a variation of circumstances, whether relating to the subjects of the passion, or the accompanying scenery. The pastoral song formed upon the ballad model, is capable of being made the most pleasing piece of the pastoral kind. The simplicity of language gives it an air of nature and reality though the fictitious character be entirely kept up; and throwing the subject into a little tale, gives an opportunity of novelty in description from the variety of incidents. When the story has a tender and mournful turn, the ballad-simplicity has a peculiarly happy effect.

fect. Perhaps the English alone, of all the moderns, have known how to unite the most perfect simplicity with real elegance and poetical expression; and it is to be hoped we shall never want taste to relish the beauties of this kind that we are possessed of. The little collection of ballads and pastoral songs here offered, contains some of the sweetest flowers of English poetry.

B A L L A D S

A N D

PASTORAL SONGS.

IT was a friar of orders gray,*
Walk'd forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

Now

* IN the *Reliques of ancient English poetry* Mr. Percy gives us the following ballad, as formed upon a number of detached fragments of ancient composition, which he has attempted to fill up and throw into a little connected tale. Though his modesty has induced him to place it among his antique remains, I think it but justice to him and to my own collection to place it here as a very judicious and beautiful imitation of the ancient ballad; for certainly he has the best right to it, since the merit of the story is all his own, and the difficulty of interweaving the few ancient stanzas into it, and suiting his own language to them with such judgment, was greater than that of producing an entirely new piece.

Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou did'st see.

And how should I know your true love
From many another one ?
O by his cockle hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoon.

But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view ;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,
And eyne of lovely blue.

O lady he's dead and gone !
Lady he's dead and gone !
And at his head a green grafs turf,
And at his heels a stone.

Within these holy cloysters long
He languish'd, and he died,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

Here

Here bore him barefac'd on his bier
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall.

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth !
And art thou dead and gone !
And did'st thou die for love of me !
Break, cruel heart of stone !

O weep not, lady, weep not so ;
Some ghostly comfort seek :
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek.

O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove ;
For I have lost the sweetest youth,
That e'er won Lady's love.

And now, alas ! for thy sad loss
I'll evermore weep and sigh ;
For thee I only wish'd to live,
For thee I wish to die.

Weep

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain :
For, violets pluck'd the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again.

Our joys as winged dreams do fly,
Why then should sorrow last ?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past.

O say not so, thou holy friar ;
I pray thee, say not so :
For since my true-love died for me,
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

And will he ne'er come again ?
Will he ne'er come again ?
Ah ! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

His cheek was redder than the rose,
The com'liest youth was he :—
But he is dead and laid in his grave :
Alas ! and woe is me !

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever :
One foot on sea and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

Had'st thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy ;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy.

Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not so ;
My love he had the truest heart :
O he was ever true !

And art thou dead thou much-lov'd youth,
And didst thou die for me ?
Then farewell home ; for, ever-more
A pilgrim I will be.

But first upon my true-love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf,
That wraps his breathless clay.

Yet

Yet stay fair lady ; rest awhile
Beneath this cloyster wall :
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall.

O stay me not, thou holy friar ;
O stay me not I pray ;
No drizzly rain that falls on me,
Can wash my fault away.

Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears ;
For see beneath this gown of grey
Thy own true-love appears.

Here forc'd by grief, and hopeless love
These holy weeds I fought ;
And here amid these lonely walls
To end my days I thought.

But haply for my year of grace
Is not yet pass'd away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay.

Now

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart ;
For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part.

PERCY.

TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale,
With hospitable ray.

For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow ;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go.

Forbear, my son, the hermit cries,
To tempt the dangerous gloom ;
For yonder phantom only flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

Here

Here to the houseless child of want,
My door is open still ;
And tho' my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows ;
My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn :
Taught by that power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

But from the mountain's grassy side,
A guiltless feast I bring ;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,
And water from the spring.

Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
For earth-born cares are wrong :
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

Soft as the dew from heav'n descends,
His gentle accents fell :
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay ;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And stranger led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care ;
The wicket opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
To revels or to rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest :

And spread his vegetable store,
And gayly prest, and smil'd ;
And skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries ;
The cricket chirrups on the hearth ;
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To sooth the stranger's woe ;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,
With answering cares oppress'd :
And whence, unhappy youth, he cry'd,
The sorrows of thy breast ?

From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove ;
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love ?

Alas ! the joys that fortune brings,
Are trifling and decay ;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

And

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep?

And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest:
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

For shame, fond youth; thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex, he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpriz'd! he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confess'd
A maid in all her charms.

And, ah, forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn, she cry'd ;
Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.

But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray ;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

My Father liv'd beside the Tyne,
A wealthy Lord was he ;
And all his wealth was mark'd for mine,
He had but only me.

To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd suitors came :
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt or feign'd a flame.

Each hour the mercenary crowd,
With richest presents strove :
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

In humble simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he ;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refin'd,
Could nought of purity display,
To emulate his mind.

The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine ;
Their charms were his, but woe is me,
Their constancy was mine.

For still I try'd each fickle art,
Importunate and vain ;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride ;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret where he died.

But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay ;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die ;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I.

Forbid it heaven, the hermit cry'd,
And clasp'd her to his breast :
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,
'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see,
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restor'd to love and thee.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And ev'ry care resign :
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine.

No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too.

GOLDSMITH.

OF Leinster fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect a fairer face.

'Till luckless love and pining care
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips, her damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen the lily pale
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd this flow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flatt'ring swains
Take heed, ye easy fair!
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjured swains, beware!

Three times all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And shrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flapp'd her wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn-boding sound,
And thus in dying words bespoke
The maidens weeping round.

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

By a false heart, and broken vows,
In early youth I die:
Was I to blame, because the bride
Is twice as rich as I?

Ah,

Ah, COLIN, give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone !
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kifs,
And think him all thy own !

To-morrow in the church to wed
Impatient both prepare :
But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
That LUCY will be there.

Then bear my corse, ye comrades dear,
The bridegroom blithe to meet ;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding sheet !

She spoke and dy'd, her corse was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet ;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding sheet,

Oh ! what were perjur'd COLIN's thoughts ?
How were those nuptials kept ?
The bride-men flock'd round LUCY dead,
And all the village wept.

Compassion,

Compassion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell :
The damps of death bedew'd his brows,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, a bride no more,
The varying crimson fled ;
When, stretch'd beside her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.

He to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mold with her, beneath one sod,
For-ever now remains.

Oft at this place the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen :
With garlands gay, and true love knots
They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallowed spot forbear !
Remember COLIN's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

TICKELL.

WHEN all was wrapt in dark midnight
And all were fast asleep,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn
Clad in a wintry cloud,
And clay-cold was her lily hand
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that kings must wear
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But

But love had, like the canker worm,
Consum'd her early prime;
The rose grew pale and left her cheek,
She died before her time.

Awake, she cry'd, thy true-love calls
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refused to save.

This is the mirk and fearful hour
When injur'd ghosts complain;
Now dreary graves give up their dead
To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee William of thy fault,
Thy pledge, and broken oath;
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

How could you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep ?
Why did you swear mine eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep ?

How could you say my lips were sweet,
And made the scarlet pale ?
And why did I, young witlefs maid,
Believe the flatt'ring tale ?

That face alas ! no more is fair,
Those lips no longer red ;
Dark are mine eyes now closed in death,
And ev'ry charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is,
This winding sheet I wear,
And cold and weary lasts our night
Till that last morn appear.

But hark ! the cock has warn'd me hence
A long and last adieu !
Come see, false man, how low she lies
That died for love of you.

Now birds did sing, and morning smile
And shew her glit'ring head ;
Pale William shook in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Marg'ret's body lay,
And stretch'd him on the green grass turf
That wrap'd her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name,
And thrice he wept full fore ;
Then laid his cheek to the cold earth,
And word spake never more.

MALLET.

'T WAS when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd :
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wishful look,
Her head was crown'd with willows
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over
And nine long tedious days ;
Why didst thou, ventrous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas ?
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean
And let a lover rest ;
Ah ! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast ?

The merchant robb'd of treasure
Views tempests in despair ;
But what's the loss of treasure
To the losing of my dear ?
Should you some coast be laid on
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'll find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain ;
Why then beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain ?
No eyes those rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying
Thus wail'd she for her dear,
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear ;
When o'er the white waves stooping,
His floating corps she 'spied ;
Then like a lily drooping
She bow'd her head and died.

GAY.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black eyed Susan came on board,
O where shall I my true love find ?
Tell me ye jovial sailors, tell me true
If my sweet William sails among your crew ?

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well known voice he heard,
He sigh'd and cast his eyes below ;
The cord glides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So

So the sweet lark high pois'd in air
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.

The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Sufan, Sufan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain ;
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again.

Change as ye list ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind,
They'll tell thee, sailors when away
At every port a mistress find.

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Africk's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white ;

Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms ;
Let not my pretty Susan mourn,
Tho' cannons roar, yet free from harms
William shall to his dear return :
Love turns aside the bails that round me fly,
Left precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread ;
No longer must she stay on board,
They kiss'd ; she sigh'd ; he hung his head :
Her leavings boat unwilling rows to land ;
Adieu she cries, and waved her lily hand.

GAY.

DAPHNIS stood pensive in the shade,
With arms across, and head reclin'd ;
Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
And sighs reliev'd his love-sick mind :
His tuneful pipe all broken lay,
Looks, sighs, and actions seem'd to say,
My Chloe is unkind.

Why

Why ring the woods with warbling throats ?

Ye larks, ye linnets, cease your strains ;
I faintly hear in your sweet notes,

My Chloe's voice that wakes my pains :
Yet why should you your song forbear ?
Your mates delight your song to hear,
But Chloe mine disdains.

As thus he melancholy stood,
Dejected as the lonely dove,
Sweet sounds broke gently through the wood.
I feel the sound ; my heart-strings move,
'Twas not the nightingale that sung ;
No. 'Tis my Chloe's sweeter tongue,
Hark, hark, what says my love !

How foolish is the nymph, she cries,
Who trifles with her lover's pain !
Nature still speaks in woman's eyes,
Our artful lips were made to feign.
O Daphnis, Daphnis, 'twas my pride,
'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd,
Come back, dear youth, again.

As t'other day my hand he seiz'd,
My blood with thrilling motion flew ;
Sudden I put on looks displeas'd,
And hasty from his hold withdrew.
'Twas fear alone, thou simple swain,
Then hadst thou prest my hand again,
My heart had yielded too !

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
That swell'd thy lip and rosy cheek ;
Think not thy skill in song defam'd,
That lip should other pleasures seek :
Much, much thy music I approve ;
Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,
Much more to hear thee speak.

My heart forebodes that I'm betray'd,
Daphnis I fear is ever gone ;
Last night with Delia's dog he play'd,
Love by such trifles first comes on.
Now, now, dear shepherd, come away,
My tongue would now my heart obey,
Ah Chloe, thou art won !

The youth stepp'd forth with hasty pace,
And found where wishing Chloe lay;
Shame fudden lighten'd in her face,
Confus'd, she knew not what to say.
At last in broken words, she cry'd;
To-morrow you in vain had try'd,
But I am lost to-day!

GAY.

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid,
And whilst a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head;
The wind that blew over the plain
To his sighs with a sigh did reply,
And the brook in return to his pain
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas ! filly fwain that I was !

Thus sadly complaining he cried ;

When first I beheld that fair face ,

'Twere better by far I had died.

She talk'd, and I blest the dear tongue,

When she smil'd 'twas a pleasure too great ;

I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,

Was nightingale ever so sweet ?

How foolish was I to believe

She would doat on so lowly a clown,

Or that her fond heart would not grieve

To forsake the fine folks of the town ;

To think that a maiden so gay,

So kind and so constant would prove,

To go clad like our maidens in gray,

And live in a cottage on love.

What tho' I have skill to complain,

Tho' the muses my temples have crown'd ?

What tho' when they hear my soft strain,

The virgins sit weeping around ?

Ah Colin thy hopes are in vain,

Thy pipe and thy laurel resign,

Thy fair one inclines to a swain

Whose music is sweeter than thine.

And

And you my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid ;
Tho' thro' the wide world we should range,
'Tis in vain from our fortune to fly ;
'Twas hers to be false, and to change,
'Tis mine to be constant, and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And see me laid low in the ground :
The last humble boon that I crave
Is to shade me with cypress and yew,
And when she looks down on my grave
Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,
Be finest at every fine show,
And frolic it all the long day :
While Colin forgotten and gone,
No more shall be heard of or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale moon
His ghost shall glide over the green.

ROWE.

AS on a summer's day,
In the greenwood shade I lay,
The maid that I lov'd,
As her fancy mov'd,
Came walking forth that way.

And as she passed by,
With a scornful glance of her eye,
What a shame, quoth she,
For a swain must it be,
Like a lazy loon for to lie?

And dost thou nothing heed
What Pan our God has decreed;
What a prize to-day
Shall be given away
To the sweetest shepherd's reed?

There's

There's not a fingle fwain
Of all this fruitful plain,
 But with hopes and fears,
 Now busily prepares
The bonny boon to gain.

Shall another maiden shine
In brighter array than thine?
 Up, up, dull fwain,
 Tune thy pipe once again,
And make the garland mine.

Alas! my love, I cried,
What avails this courtly pride?
 Since thy dear desert
 Is written in my heart,
What is all the world beside?

To me thou art more gay
In this homely ruffet gray,
 Than the nymphs of our green,
 So trim and so sheen,
Or the brightest queen of May.

What

What tho' my fortune frown,
And deny thee a filken gown ;
My own dear maid,
Be content with this shade
And a shepherd all thy own.

ROWE.

ALEXIS shunn'd his fellow fwains,
Their rural sports and jocund strains ;
Heaven shield us all from Cupid's bow !
He lost his crook, he left his flocks,
And wandering thro' the lonely rocks,
He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came,
His grief some pity, others blame,
The fatal cause all kindly seek ;
He mingled his concern with theirs,
He gave them back their friendly tears,
He sigh'd, but could not speak.

Clorinda

Clorinda came among the rest,
And she too kind concern express
 And ask'd the reason of his woe ;
She ask'd, but with an air and mien
That made it easily foreseen
 She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head,
And will you pardon me, he said,
 While I the cruel truth reveal ?
Which nothing from my breast should tear,
Which never should offend your ear,
 But that you bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain,
 You are the cause of all my care ;
Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart,
Ten thousand torments vex my heart,
 I love, and I despair.

Too much Alexis have I heard,
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd,
 And yet I pardon you she cried ;
But you shall promise ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or speak your pain ;
 He bow'd, obey'd, and died.

WHILE monarchs in stern battle strove
For proud imperial sway,
Abandon'd to his milder love,
Within a silent peaceful grove
Alcidor careless lay.

Some term'd it cold unmanly fear,
Some nicety of sense,
That drums and trumpets could not hear,
The fulying blasts of powder bear,
Or with foul camps dispense.

A patient martyr to their scorn,
And each ill-fashion'd jest ;
The youth who but for love was born,
Remain'd, and thought it vast return
To reign in Cloria's breast.

But

But oh ! a ruffling foldier came
In all the pomp of war,
The gazettes long had spoke his fame,
Now hautboys his approach proclaim
And draw in crowds from far.

Cloria unhappily would gaze ;
And as he nearer drew,
The man of feather and of lace
Stopp'd short, and with profound amaze
Took all her charms to view.

A bow, which from campaigns he brought
And to his houlsters low,
Herself and the spectators taught
That her the fairest nymph he thought
Of all that form'd the row.

Next day e'er Phœbus could be seen,
Or any gate unbarr'd,
At her's upon th' adjoining green
From ranks with waving flags between,
Were soften'd trumpets heard.

The noon does following treats provide
In the pavilion's shade,
The neighbourhood and all beside
That will attend the amorous pride,
Are welcom'd with the maid.

Poor Alcidor thy hopes are cross'd
Go perish on the ground ;
Thy sighs by stronger notes are toss'd,
Drove back, or in the passage lost,
Rich wines thy tears have drown'd.

In women's hearts, the softest things
That nature could devise,
Are yet some harsh and jarring strings,
That when loud fame or profit rings
Will answer to the noise.

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,
The western clouds were lined with gold,
Clear was the sky, the wind was still,
The flocks were penn'd within the fold ;

When

When in the silence of the grove
Poor Damon thus despair'd of love.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose
From the hard rock or oozy beach,
Who from each weed that barren grows,
Expects the grape or downy peach,
With equal faith may hope to find
The truth of love in womankind.

No herds have I, no fleecy care,
No fields that wave with golden grain,
No pastures green, or gardens fair,
A woman's venal heart to gain ;
Then all in vain my sighs must prove
Whose whole estate, alas ! is love.

How wretched is the faithful youth
Since womens hearts are bought and sold ;
They ask no vows of sacred truth,
Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for gold.
Gold can the frowns of scorn remove ;
But I am scorn'd—who have but love.

To buy the gems of India's coast

What wealth, what riches would suffice?
Yet India's shore should never boast

The lustre of thy rival eyes;
For there the world too cheap must prove,
Can I then buy?—who have but love.

Then, Mary, since nor gems nor ore

Can with thy brighter self compare,
Be just, as fair, and value more

Than gems or ore, a heart sincere:
Let treasure meaner beauties move;
Who pays thy worth, must pay in love.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose?
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed?
But Mary's still sweeter than those
Both nature and fancy exceed.
No daisy nor sweet blushing rose
Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' those
Such beauty and pleasure can yield.

The warblers are heard in each grove,
The linnet, the lark and the thrush ;
The blackbird and sweet cooing dove
With music enchant every bush.
Come let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring ;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day ?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep ?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep ?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
'To relieve the soft pains of my breast
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her can compare,
Love's graces all round her do dwell,
She's fairest where thousands are fair.
Say charmer where do thy flocks stray ?
Oh ! tell me at noon where they feed :
Shall I seek them in sweet winding Tay,
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace,
An humble cottage stood.

There beauteous EMMA flourish'd fair
Beneath a mother's eye,
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads
Gave colour to her cheek;
Such orient colour smiles thro' heav'n
When May's sweet mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
This charmer of the plain;
That sun which bids their diamond blaze,
To deck our lily deigns.

Long had she fir'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair ;
And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair.

Till EDWIN came, the pride of swains,
A soul that knew no art,
And from whose eyes serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
Was quickly too reveal'd ;
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
Which virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of heartfelt bliss,
Did love on both bestow !
But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister who like envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked skill
Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a sordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the rock
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their mutual flame,
And seen it long unmov'd ;
Then with a father's frown at last,
He sternly disapprov'd.

In EDWIN's gentle heart a war
Of differing passions strove ;
His heart which durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where EMMA walk'd and wept.

Oft too in Stanemore's wintry waste,
Beneath the moonlight shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul
The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheeks, where love with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercaft;
So fades the fresh rofe in it's prime,
Before the northern blaft.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed,
And weary'd heav'n with fruitless pray'rs,
And fruitless sorrows shed.

'Tis past, he cry'd, but, if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold
What they must ever love.

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear;
Fast falling o'er the primrose pale
So morning dews appear.

But oh! his sifter's jealous care
(A cruel sifter she!)
Forbad what EMMA came to say
My EDWIN, live for me.

Now homeward as the hopelefs went,
The church-yard path along,
The blaſt blew cold, the dark owl ſcream'd,
Her lover's fun'ral ſong.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her ſtartling fancy found
In every buſh his hovering ſhade,
His groan in every ſound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had ſhe paſs'd
The viſionary vale,
When lo ! the death-bell ſmote her ear,
Sad founding in the gale.

Juſt then ſhe reach'd, with trembling ſteps,
Her aged mother's door ;
He's gone, ſhe cry'd, and I ſhall ſee
That angel face no more.

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high againſt my ſide :
From her white arm down ſunk her head,
She ſhiver'd, ſigh'd, and died.

THE western sky was purpled o'er
With every pleasing ray,
And flocks reviving felt no more
The sultry heat of day ;

When from a hazel's artless bower
Soft warbled Strephon's tongue ;
He blest the scene, he blest the hour,
While Nancy's praise he sung.

Let fops with fickle falshood range
The paths of wanton love,
Whilst weeping maids lament their change,
And fadden every grove :

But endless blessings crown the day,
I saw fair Esham's dale ;
And every blessing find its way
To Nancy of the vale.

'Twas from Avona's bank, the maid
Diffus'd her lovely beams ;
And every shining glance display'd
The Naiad of the streams.

Soft as the wild duck's tender young,
That float on Avon's tide ;
Bright as the water lily sprung
And glittering near its side.

Fresh as the bordering flowers, her bloom,
Her eye all mild to view ;
The little halcyon's azure plume
Was never half so blue.

Her shape was like the reed, so sleek,
So taper, strait, and fair ;
Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
How charming sweet they were !

Far in the winding vale retir'd
This peerless bud I found,
And shadowing rocks and woods conspir'd
To fence her beauties round.

That

'That nature in so lone a dell
Should form a nymph so sweet !
Or fortune to her secret cell
Conduct my wand'ring feet !

Gay lordlings fought her for their bride,
But she would ne'er incline ;
Prove to your equals true, she cry'd,
As I will prove to mine.

'Tis Strephon on the mountain's brow
Has won my right good will ;
To him I give my plighted vow,
With him I'll climb the hill.

Struck with her charms and gentle truth
I clasp'd the constant fair ;
To her alone I give my youth,
And vow my future care.

And when this vow shall faithless prove,
Or I these charms forego,
The stream that saw our tender love,
That stream shall cease to flow.

O'ER moorlands and mountains rude barren and bare,
As wilder'd and wearied I roam,
A gentle young shepherdess fees my despair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home :
Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
Green rushes were strew'd on the floor ;
Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits, and she cull'd me the best,
Whilst thrown off my guard by some glances she cast,
Love slyly stole into my breast.
I told my soft wishes, she sweetly replied
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine)
I've rich ones rejected and great ones denied,
Yet take me, fond shepherd, I'm thine.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
So simple, yet sweet were her charms,

I kiss'd

I kifs'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.
Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
And if on the banks, by the stream,
Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,
Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the flow rising hills,
Delighted with pastoral views,
Or rest on the rock where the streamlet distills,
And mark out new themes for my muse.
To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did^d aspire,
The damsel's of humble descent;
The cottager Peace is well known for her fire,
And shepherds have named her—Content.

CUNNINGHAM.

A Pastoral BALLAD, in Four Parts.

I. A B S E N C E.

YE shepherds so chearful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam;
Should CORYDON's happen to stray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.

Allow

Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find ;
None once was so watchful as I :
I have left my dear PHYLIS behind.

Now I know what it is, to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire ;
What it is, to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each ev'ning repel ;
Alas ! I am faint and forlorn :
I have bade my dear PHYLIS farewell.

Since PHYLIS vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine ;
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before ;
But now they are past, and I sigh ;
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain ?
Why wander thus pensively here ?

Oh !

Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown;
Alas! where with her I have stray'd,
I could wander with pleasure, alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought, but it might not be so,
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far-distant shrine,
If he bear but a relique away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relique I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.

II. H O P E.

MY banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep ;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white-over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow ;
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound :
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet-briar entwines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold :
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear ;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.

Oh how sudden the jessamine strove
 With the lilac to render it gay !
 Already it calls for my love,
 To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
 What strains of wild melody flow ?
 How the nightingales warble their loves
 From thickets of roses that blow !
 And when her bright form shall appear,
 Each bird shall harmoniously join
 In a concert so soft and so clear,
 As she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair ;
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed :
 But let me that plunder forbear,
 She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.
 For he ne'er could be true, she aver'd,
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young :
 And I lov'd her the more, when I heard
 Such tendernefs fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetnefs unfold
 How that pity was due to a dove ;

That

That it ever attended the bold,
And she call'd it the sister of love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her CORYDON sighs !
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise ?
Dear regions of silence and shade !
Soft scenes of contentment and ease !
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught, in her absence, could please.

But where does my PHYLLIDA stray ?
And where are her grots and her bow'rs ?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle as ours ?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine ;
The swains may in manners compare,
But there love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my passion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
E'er I shew you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien she enamours the brave;
With her wit she engages the free;
With her modesty pleases the grave;
She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays;
I could lay down my life for the swain,
That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and listen the while;
Nay on him let not PHYLLIDA frown;
But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when PARIDEL tries in the dance
Any favour with PHYLLIS to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might she ruin the peace of my mind!

In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is be-studded around ;
And his pipe—oh may PHYLLIS beware
Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis his with mock passion to glow ;
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
How her face is as bright as the snow,
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold ?
How the nightingales labour the strain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie ;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs, and die.

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet ;
Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at PHYLLIS's feet.
O PHYLLIS, he whispers, more fair,
More sweet than the jessamin's flow'r !
What are pinks, in a morn, to compare ?
What is eglantine, after a show'r ?

Then the lily no longer is white ;
Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom ;

Then

Then the violets die with despight,
And the woodbines give up their perfume.
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer ;
Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not PHYLIS to lend it an Ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So PHYLIS the trophy despise ;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in PHYLIS's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a stranger to PARIDEL's tongue ;
Yet may she beware of his art,
Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE shepherds give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep :
They have nothing to do, but to stray ;
I have nothing to do, but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove ;
She was fair, and my passion begun ;

She smil'd, and I could not but love ;
She is faithless, and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought ;
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so compleat would be fought,
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah ! love ev'ry hope can inspire :
It banishes wisdom the while ;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone ;
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how ye loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of an higher degree :
It is not for me to explain
How fair, and how fickle they be.

Alas ! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes ?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose.

Yet

Yet time may diminish the pain :
The flower, the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be CORYDON's theme.
High transports are shewn to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own ;
Fate never bestow'd such delight,
As I with my PHILLIS had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace ;
To your deepest recesses I fly ;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase ;
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun ;
How she smil'd, and I could not but love ;
Was faithless, and I am undone !

SHENSTONE.

To the Memory of WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq.

COME, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,
And see our lov'd CORYDON laid :
Tho' sorrow may blemish the verse,
Yet let the sad tribute be paid.
They call'd him the pride of the plain :
In sooth, he was gentle and kind ;
He mark'd in his elegant strain,
The graces that glow'd in his mind.

On purpose he planted yon trees,
That birds in the covert might dwell ;
He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,
But never would rife their cell.
Ye lambkins that play'd at his feet,
Go bleat, and your master bemoan :
His music was artless and sweet,
His manners as mild as your own.

No verdure shall cover the vale,
No bloom on the blossoms appear;
The sweets of the forest shall fail,
And winter discolour the year.
No birds in our hedges shall sing,
(Our hedges so vocal before)
Since he that should welcome the spring,
Can greet the gay season no more.

HIS PHILLIS was fond of his praise,
And poets came round in a throng;
They listen'd, and envy'd his lays,
But which of them equall'd his song?
Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,
For lost is the pastoral strain;
So give me my CORYDON's flute,
And thus—let me break it in twain.

CUNNINGHAM.

III.

E S S A Y

O N

PASSIONATE AND DESCRIPTIVE

S O N G S.

THE poet's rapturous descriptions of beauty, with the expression of his warm sensations and emotions, are the subjects of this class of song-writing.

Its models exist in the classical remains
of

of Lyric poetry, and all the praise the moderns can here expect, must arise from imitating with success these examples of perfection.

THE sublime and beautiful of nature, were first combined with the elegance and refinement of art, by the Grecians; and this superiority in their poetry, and the other fine arts, entitled them to distinguish the rest of the world from themselves, as Barbarians. Their Roman conquerors, first by their arms, and then by their borrowed arts, obtained a share in the honourable exclusion. Among these people, even simple nature was graceful, and ornament was elegant and magnificent. Glaring splendor reigned in the East, and terrible sublimity in the North, but grace and dignity belonged to Greece and Rome alone. Fancy, in her wildest flights, could in them restrain herself within the limits of
harmony

harmony and proportion. Even superstition here wore a graceful aspect. While the Deities of other nations were present to their minds in the horrid forms of cruel rage and gigantic deformity, they gave divinity to the sublime and beautiful conceptions of their poets and painters. These they embodied with suitable symbols and attributes; and the enthusiastic votary worshipped the God of his own enraptured imagination. There is no circumstance in which the genius of these people shows itself more strongly than in the character of their fancy-formed divinities. Besides those particularly distinguished by the title of the *Graces*, there were many whose attributes expressed the different shades and variations of whatever is elegant and graceful. Their *Venus* was the abstract idea of all these united—she was grace and beauty itself, and parent of every thing *lætum et amabile*—gladsome
and

and lovely. With the charming image of this ideal excellence in their minds, the poets of Greece and Rome selected every pleasing object from the whole compass of nature, and carefully separated them from every thing disgusting and incongruous. From a croud of surrounding images they knew how to choose such as were not only intrinsically beautiful, but suitable to their subject; and they knew when to drop all ornament, and recur to simple nature. They distinguished with the nicest judgment between the purposes of elevating the fancy, and interesting the heart, and could give full force to each, without confounding and mixing their effects.

IN the species of Lyric poetry which we are now to consider, both these designs have their place. The poetical description of a fair form requires the comparison of every kindred object of delight, and the
richest

richest colouring that art can bestow. The expression of emotions, on the other hand, must be conducted upon a simpler plan; the feelings of the soul must declare themselves in artless touches of nature and the real symptoms of passion; and the poet's hand must only appear in the delicacy of his strokes, and the softness and harmony of his versification.

SAPPHO, the genuine favourite of Venus, has given us a perfect model of the *passionate* song. She poured forth her whole soul in those amorous odes, of which time has indeed left us very scanty remains, but such as will ever be the finest examples of elegance and sensibility. The joyous Anacreon succeeded, but with a different turn of sentiment. His lyre was tuned rather to gaiety than tenderness, and his Venus was rather the easy companion of a bacchanalian, than the object of delicate
and

and refined emotions. In Horace, the passionate warmth of Sappho, the easy gaiety of Anacreon, and a superior strain of fancy and poetical enthusiasm proper to himself, are united; but on the whole, he is less frequently tender, than gay, or sublime. Among the Romans, the elegiac poets chiefly excelled in the natural and simple pathetic, and Tibullus is the purest example of this kind of writing. His flowing, elegant, and unadorned style, sweetly corresponds with the tender sentiments of complaining love, and some of the most affecting touches of nature that ever were expressed, have dropt from his pen. Ovid, though thoroughly acquainted with the passion of love, and abounding with warm and natural descriptions of it, was in general too much under the dominion of a lively fancy, and too fond of brilliant expression, to be long a pathetic writer. If he had composed in the Lyric form,

form, his pieces would have resembled our next class of *witty and ingenious songs*, more nearly than those of any ancient Lyric poet.

THE following songs of the *passionate* and *descriptive* kind, resemble in various degrees the ancient masters above-mentioned.

THERE are many imitations of the Sapphic ode, in its warm descriptions of the external symptoms of love. Besides that piece of Dr. Smoller's, which is only a variation of Sappho's famous ode, I would particularly point out

“ Ah the shepherds mournful fate”

as a near copy from this model.

HORACE, a poet the most familiar to a scholar of all the ancients, has been imitated

tated in several songs. These are such as in common language would be peculiarly entitled odes, from their high strain of fancy and poetical diction. That of Prior,

“ If wine and music have the power”

may be marked as truly Horatian.

THE simple pathetic of Tibullus and the writers of elegy, is most sweetly manifested in that charming song of Mr. Percy’s,

“ O Nancy wilt thou go with me”

which has scarcely its equal for real tenderness in this or any other language.

OTHER resemblances might be pointed out, but I imagine it is unnecessary to go farther. What has been already observed may serve to put a reader of taste upon remarking those niceties of composition,
and

and delicate variations, which he might otherwise have passed over; and I would not anticipate the pleasure he will receive from his own discoveries of this kind. An ample store of beauties lies open for his inspection, and he will probably find reason to flatter himself, that in this species of poetry, as well as in every other, the English follow the classic ancients with a bold and vigorous step, and strain hard for the palm of victory.

P A S S I O N A T E

A N D D E S C R I P T I V E

S O N G S.

BLEST as th' immortal Gods is he,*
The youth that fondly sits by thee;
And sees, and hears thee, all the while,
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
For while I gaz'd, in transports tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

H

My

* THOUGH it may seem irregular to begin a collection of *English songs* with an ode of Sappho, yet I am tempted to do it on account of the excellence of the translation, which has almost the merit of an original, and that the reader may have so nearly in his view a pattern of perfection with which he may compare the rest.

My bosom glow'd, a sudden flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears in hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and died away.

PHILLIPS.

THY fatal shafts unerring move
I bow before thine altar, love;
I feel the soft resistless flame
Glide swift thro' all my vital frame.

For while I gaze, my bosom glows,
My blood in tides impetuous flows;
Hope, fear, and joy alternate roll,
And floods of transport overwhelm my soul.

My fault'ring tongue attempts in vain
In soothing numbers to complain;

My

My tongue some secret magic ties,
My murmurs sink in broken sighs.

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
And ever drop the silent tear,
Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
Unfriended live, unpity'd die.

SMOLLETT.

AH! the shepherd's mournful fate!
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish.

Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,
My secret soul discover,
While rapture trembling thro' my eyes
Reveals how much I love her.

The tender glance, the redd'ning cheek,
O'erspread with rising blushes,
A thousand various ways they speak
A thousand various wishes.

For oh ! that form so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush, and modest air,
So artfully beguiling !

Thy every look, and every grace
So charms whene'er I view thee,
Till death o'ertake me in the chase
Still will my hopes pursue thee :

Then when my tedious hours are past
Be this last blessing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
And die in sight of heaven.

GO, tell AMYNTE, gentle swain,
I would not die, nor dare complain ;
Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
Thy voice will more prevail than mine :
For souls oppress'd, and dumb with grief,
The Gods ordain'd this kind relief,
That music should in sounds convey
What dying lovers dare not say.

A sigh,

A sigh, or tear, perhaps, she'll give,
 But love on pity cannot live.
 Tell her, that hearts for hearts were made,
 And love with love is only paid.
 Tell her, my pains so fast increase,
 That soon they will be past redress;
 For ah! the wretch that speechless lies,
 Attends but death to close his eyes.

DRYDEN.

YES, fairest proof of beauty's power,
 Dear idol of my panting heart;
 Nature points this my fatal hour;
 And I have liv'd; and we must part.

While now I take my last adieu
 Heave thou no sigh, nor shed a tear,
 Lest yet my half-clos'd eye may view
 On earth an object worth its care.

From jealousy's tormenting strife
For ever be thy bosom freed ;
That nothing may disturb thy life
Content I hasten to the dead.

Yet when some better fated youth
Shall with his amorous parley move thee,
Reflect one moment on his truth
Who dying, thus persists to love thee.

PRIOR.

IN vain you tell your parting lover
You wish fair winds may waft him over :
Alas ! what winds can happy prove
That bear me far from what I love ?
Alas ! what dangers on the main
Can equal those which I sustain
From slighted vows and cold disdain ?

Be gentle, and in pity choose
 To wish the wildest tempests loose ;
 That, thrown again upon the coast
 Where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost,
 I may once more repeat my pain,
 Once more in dying notes complain
 Of slighted vows and cold disdain.

PRIOR.

THE heavy hours are almost past
 That part my love and me ;
 My longing eyes may hope at last
 Their only wish to see.

But how my DELIA will you meet
 The man you've lost so long ?
 Will love in all your pulses beat,
 And tremble in your tongue ?

Will you in every look declare
 Your heart is still the same ;

And heal each idly anxious care
Our fears in absence frame?

Thus DELIA, thus I paint the scene
When shortly we shall meet,
And try what yet remains between
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that sooths my mind
Shall false and groundless prove,
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love;

All I of Venus ask is this,
No more to let us join;
But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,
To die and think you mine.

LYTTLETON.

IF wine and music have the power
To ease the sickness of the soul,
Let Phœbus every string explore,
And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.

Let

Let them their friendly aid employ
 To make my CHLOE's absence light,
 And seek for pleasure, to destroy
 The sorrows of this live long night.

But she to-morrow will return ;
 Venus be thou to-morrow great,
 Thy myrtles strew, thy odours burn,
 And meet thy fav'rite nymph in state.
 Kind Goddes, to no other pow'rs
 Let us to-morrow's blessings own ;
 The darling loves shall guide the hours,
 And all the day be thine alone.

PRIOR.

WHEN DELIA on the plain appears,
 Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
 I would approach, but dare not move ;
 Tell me my heart if this be love ?

Whene'er

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but her's can hear ;
No other wit but hers approve ;
Tell me my heart if this be love ?

If she some other swain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove,
Tell me my heart if this be love ?

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring, the shadiest grove ;
Tell me my heart if this be love ?

When fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove ;
Tell me my heart if this be love ?

LYTTLETON.

AH! why must words my flame reveal!
 Why needs my DAMON bid me tell,
 What all my actions prove?
 A blush whene'er I meet his eye,
 Whene'er I hear his name, a sigh
 Betrays my secret love.

In all their sports upon the plain
 Mine eyes still fix'd on him remain,
 And him alone approve;
 The rest unheeded dance or play,
 From all he steals my praise away,
 And can he doubt my love?

Whene'er we meet, my looks confess
 The joys that all my soul possess,
 And every care remove;
 Still still too short appears his stay,
 The moments fly too fast away,
 Too fast for my fond love.

Does

Does any speak in DAMON's praise,
So pleas'd am I with all he says,
I every word approve ;
But is he blam'd, although in jest,
I feel resentment fire my breast,
Alas ! because I love.

But ah ! what tortures tear my heart,
When I suspect his looks impart
The least desire to rove !
I hate the maid that gives me pain,
Yet him to hate I strive in vain,
For ah ! that hate is love.

Then ask not words, but read mine eyes,
Believe my blushes, trust my sighs,
My passion these will prove ;
Words oft deceive and spring from art,
The true expressions of my heart
To DAMON, must be love.

TOO plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
My heart your own declare ;
But for heaven's sake let it suffice
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear

Forbear your utmost power to try
 Nor farther urge your sway;
 Pres not for what I must deny,
 For fear I should obey.

Could all your arts successful prove,
 Would you a maid undo,
 Whose greatest failing is her love,
 And that her love for you?

Say, would you use that very power
 You from her fondness claim,
 To ruin in one fatal hour
 A life of spotless fame.

Resolve not then to do an ill
 Because perhaps you may,
 But rather use your utmost skill
 To save me, than betray.

Be you yourself my virtue's guard,
 Defend and not pursue,
 Since 'tis a task for me too hard
 To strive with love and you.

SOAME JENYNS.

STREPHON when you see me fly
Let not this your fear create,
Maids may be as often shy
Out of love as out of hate;
When from you I fly away,
It is because I dare not stay.

Did I out of hatred run
Lest you'd be my pain and care;
But the youth I love to shun,
Who can such a trial bear?
Who that such a swain did see
Who could love and fly like me?

Cruel duty bids me go,
Gentle love commands me stay;
Duty's still to love a foe,
Shall I this or that obey?
Duty frowns, and Cupid smiles,
That defends, and this beguiles.

Ever

Ever by these chryſtal ſtreams
 I could fit and hear thee ſigh,
 Ravish'd with theſe pleaſing dreams
 O 'tis worſe than death to fly;
 But the danger is ſo great
 Fear gives wings, inſtead of hate.

STREPHON, leave me, if you love me,
 If you ſtay I am undone;
 Oh! with eaſe you may deceive me,
 Pri'thee charming ſwain be gone.
 Heav'n decrees that we ſhould part,
 That has my vows, but you my heart.

YE virgin powers defend my heart
 From amorous looks and ſmiles,
 From faucy love, or nicer art
 Which moſt our ſex beguiles.

From ſighs, from vows, from awful fears
 That do to pity move,

From

From speaking silence, and from tears,
Those springs that water love.

But if thro' passion I grow blind,
Let honour be my guide ;
And where frail nature seems inclin'd,
There place a guard of pride.

A heart whose flames are seen, tho' pure,
Needs every virtue's aid ;
And those who think themselves secure,
The soonest are betray'd.

MRS. TAYLOR.

WHEN first I saw thee graceful move
Ah me ! what meant my throbbing breast ?
Say, soft confusion, art thou love ?
If love thou art, then farewell rest !

Since doom'd I am to love thee, fair,
Tho' hopeless of a warm return,

Yet

Yet kill me not with cold despair,
But let me live, and let me burn.

With gentle smiles assuage the pain
Those gentle smiles did first create;
And, tho' you cannot love again,
In pity, oh ! forbear to hate.

NOW see *my* Goddess, earthly born, *
With smiling looks, and sparkling eyes,
And with a bloom that shames the morn
New risen in the eastern skies !

Furnish'd from nature's boundless store,
And one of pleasure's laughing train,
Stranger to all the wise explore,
She proves all far-sought knowledge vain.

I

Untaught

* THIS Song is designed as a CONTRAST to an Address
to WISDOM.

Untaught as Venus, when she found
Herself first floating on the sea,
And laughing beg'd the Tritons round
For shame to look some other way.

And unaccomplish'd all as EVE
In the first morning of her life,
When ADAM blush'd, and ask'd her leave
To take her hand, and call her wife.

Yet there is something in her face,
Tho' she's unread in PLATO's lore,
Might bring e'en PLATO to disgrace,
For leaving precepts taught before.

And there is magick in her eye,
Tho' she's unskill'd to conjure down
The pale moon from th' affrighted sky,
Would draw Endymion from the moon.

And there are words that she can speak,
Most easy to be understood,
More sweet than all the Heathen Greek
By HELEN spoke, when PARIS woo'd.

And

And she has raptures in her pow'r,
More worth than all the flatt'ring claim
Of learning's unsubstantial dow'r,
In present praise or future fame.

Let me but kiss her soft warm hand,
And let me whisper in her ear
What knowledge would not understand,
And wisdom would disdain to hear.

And let her listen to my tale,
And let one smiling blush arise,
Blest omen that my vows prevail !
I'll scorn the scorn of all the wise.

'TIS not the liquid brightness of those eyes,
That swim with pleasure and delight ;
Nor those fair heavenly arches which arise
O'er each of them to shade their light ;

'Tis not that hair which plays with every wind,
And loves to wanton round thy face ;
Now straying o'er thy forehead, now behind
Retiring with insidious grace.

'Tis not that lovely range of teeth, as white
As new thorn sheep, equal and fair ;
Nor even that gentle smile, the hearts delight,
With which no smile could e'er compare ;
'Tis not that chin so round, that neck so fine,
Those breasts that swell to meet my love ;
That easy sloping waist, that form divine,
Nor ought below, nor ought above.

'Tis not the living colours over each,
By nature's finest pencil wrought,
To shame the fresh blown rose, and blooming peach,
And mock the happiest painters thought :
But 'tis that gentle mind, that ardent love,
So kindly answering my desire ;
That grace with which you look, and speak, and move,
That thus have set my soul on fire.

HAIL to the myrtle shade,
 All hail to the nymphs of the fields!
 Kings would not here invade
 The pleasures that virtue yields.
 Beauty here opens her arms;
 To soften the languishing mind,
 And PHYLLIS unlocks her charms;
 Ah PHYLLIS! oh why so kind?

PHYLLIS, thou soul of love,
 Thou joy of the neighbouring swains;
 PHYLLIS, that crowns the grove,
 And PHYLLIS that gilds the plains;
 PHYLLIS, that ne'er had the skill
 To paint, to patch and be fine,
 Yet PHYLLIS whose eyes can kill,
 Whom nature hath made divine.

PHYLLIS, whose charming song
 Makes labour and pains a delight;

PHYLLIS, that makes the day young,
And shortens the live long night ;
PHYLLIS, whose lips like may
Still laugh at the sweets they bring ;
Where love ne'er knows decay,
But sits with eternal spring.

LEE.

W AFT me some soft and cooling breeze
To Windsor's shady, kind retreat,
Where sylvan scenes, wide spreading trees
Repel the raging dog star's heat.

Where tufted grafs, and mossy beds
Afford a rural calm repose ;
Where woodbines hang their dewy heads,
And fragrant sweets around disclose.

Old oozy Thames that flows fast by
Along the smiling valley plays ;
His glassy surface cheers the eye,
And thro' the flow'ry meadows strays.

His

His fertile banks with herbage green
 His vales with smiling plenty swell;
 Where'er his purer stream is seen
 The Gods of health and pleasure dwell.

Let me, thy clear, thy yielding wave
 With naked arm once more divide;
 In thee my glowing bosom lave
 And stem thy gently rolling tide.

Lay me with damask roses crown'd
 Beneath some osier's dusky shade,
 Where water lilies paint the ground
 And bubbling springs refresh the glade.

Let chaste CLARINDA too be there
 With azure mantle lightly drest;
 Ye nymphs bind up her filken hair;
 Ye Zephyrs fan her panting breast.

O haste away fair maid, and bring
 The muse, the kindly friend to love,
 To thee alone the muse shall sing
 And warble thro' the vocal grove.

LANDSDOWN.

WHILE in the bower with beauty blest
The lov'd AMINTOR lies,
While sinking on ZELINDA's breast
He fondly kifs'd her eyes ;

A waking nightingale who long
Had mourn'd within the shade,
Sweetly renew'd her plaintive song
And warbled thro' the glade.

Melodious songstrefs, cried the swain,
To shades less happy go,
Or if with us thou wilt remain
Forbear thy tuneful woe.

While in ZELINDA's arms I lie
To song I am not free ;
On her soft bosom while I sigh,
I discord find in thee.

ZELINDA

ZELINDA gives me perfect joys ;
 Then cease thy fond intrusion ;
 Be silent ; music now is noise,
 Variety, confusion.

WHEN SAPPHO tun'd the raptur'd strain
 The listning wretch forgot his pain ;
 With art divine the lyre she strung,
 Like thee she play'd, like thee she sung.

For while she struck the quiv'ring wire
 The eager breast was all on fire ;
 And when she join'd the vocal lay
 The captive soul was charm'd away.

But had she added still to these
 Thy softer, chaster, power to please ;
 Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,
 Thy native smiles of artless truth ;

She

She ne'er had pin'd beneath disdain,
 She ne'er had play'd and sung in vain;
 Despair had ne'er her soul possess'd
 To dash on rocks the tender breast.

SMOLLETT.

WHEN charming TERAMINTA sings,
 Each new air new passion brings;
 Now I resolve, and now I fear;
 Now I triumph, now despair;
 Frolic now, now faint I grow;
 Now I freeze, and now I glow.
 The panting zephyrs round her play,
 And trembling on her lips would stay;

Now would listen, now would kiss
 Trembling with divided bliss;
 Till, by her breath repuls'd, they fly,
 And in low pleasing murmurs die.
 Nor do I ask that she would give
 By some new note, the pow'r to live;
 I would, expiring with the sound,
 Die on the lips that gave the wound.

MY dear mistress has a heart,
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When with love's restless art,
And her eyes, she did enslave me :
But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break
Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
Wounding pleasures, killing blisses,
She can dress her eyes in love,
And her lips can arm with kisses ;
Angels listen when she speaks,
★ She's my delight, all mankind's wonder, 7
But my jealous heart would break
Should we live one day asunder.

ROCHESTER.

LET the ambitious favour find
In courts and empty noise,
Whilst greater love does fill my mind
With silent real joys.

Let fools and knaves grow rich and great
And the world think 'em wise,
Whilst I lie dying at her feet,
And all that world despise.

Let conquering kings new trophies raise,
And melt in court delights,
Her eyes can give me brighter days,
Her arms much softer nights.

DORSET.

FROM all uneasy passions free,
 Revenge, ambition, jealousy,
 Contented, I had been too blest
 If love and you had let me rest :
 Yet that dull life I now despise ;
 Safe from your eyes
 I fear'd no griefs, but then I found no joys.

Amidst a thousand kind desires
 Which beauty moves, and love inspires,
 Such pangs I feel of tender fear,
 No heart so soft as mine can bear.
 Yet I'll defy the worst of harms,
 Such are your charms,
 'Tis worth a life to die within your arms.

OF T on the troubled ocean's face
 Loud stormy winds arise ;
 The murmuring surges swell apace,
 And clouds obscure the skies.

But

But when the tempest's rage is o'er,
Soft breezes smooth the main;
The billows cease to lash the shore,
And all is calm again.

Not so in fond and amorous souls
If tyrant love once reigns,
There one eternal tempest rolls
And yields unceasing pains.

FLY, thoughtless youth, th' enchantress fly ! *
To other climes direct thy way;
Let honours plume attract thine eye,
Nor waste in indolence the day :
She nor regards thy sighs or tears,
She triumphs in thy jealous fears,
And would rejoice to blast the blossom of thy years.

Yet

* THIS piece is taken from a late publication entitled *Sentimental Tales*, in which the loves of CATULLUS and LESBIA are formed into a fictitious story, intermixed with several poetical translations and imitations from Catullus's Works.--- This however seems entirely original.

Yet yonder myrtle's fragrant shade,
 Where sparkling winds the crystal rill,
 Has seen this false, this cruel maid,
 Fond as her wanton lover's will :
 Has seen thee on her breast reclin'd,
 Has seen her arms around thee twin'd,
 While with caresses sweet she woo'd thee to be kind.

But since no more th' inconstant fair
 Will listen to thy tender vow,
 Let nobler objects claim thy care,
 And bid the faithless maid adieu.
 Adieu, false beauty ! hence no more
 CATULLUS will thy smile implore,
 To shun thy hated charms he seeks a foreign shore.

Him thou wilt mourn, when sure decay
 Shall rob that form of every grace ;
 And for each charm it steals away,
 Shall add a wrinkle to that face :
 No lover then for thee will sigh,
 Or read the glances of thine eye,
 Or on thy once lov'd breast in amorous transports die.

Alas CATULLUS ! you in vain
 Would spurn imperial beauty's sway ;

Fast bound in VENUS' magic chain,
Soon will each rebel with decay :
Ev'n now, should LESBIA hither move
In her accustom'd looks of love,
How weak, how feeble all thy strong resolves would prove.

PREPAR'D to rail, resolved to part,
When I approach the perjur'd maid
What is it awes my timorous heart ?
Why is my tongue afraid ?

With the least glance a little kind
Such wond'rous power have MYRA's charms,
She calms my doubts, enslaves my mind,
And all my rage disarms.

Forgetful of her broken vows
When gazing on that form divine,
Her injur'd vassal trembling bows,
Nor dares her slave repine.

COME all ye youths whose hearts e'er bled,
 By cruel beauty's pride;
 Bring each a garland on his head,
 Let none his sorrows hide:
 But hand in hand around me move,
 Singing the saddest tales of love;
 And see, when your complaints ye join,
 If all your wrongs can equal mine.

The happiest mortal once was I,
 My heart no sorrows knew;
 Pity the pain with which I die,
 But ask not whence it grew:
 Yet if a tempting fair you find,
 That's very lovely, very kind,
 Tho' bright as Heaven whose stamp she bears,
 Think of my fate, and shun her snares.

OTWAY.

ON a bank, beside a willow
Heaven her covering, earth her pillow,
Sad AMINTA figh'd alone :
From the chearless dawn of morning,
Till the dews of night returning,
Singing, thus she made her moan ;
Hope is banish'd
Joys are vanish'd
DAMON, my belov'd, is gone.

Time, I dare thee to discover
Such a youth, and such a lover,
Oh ! so true, so kind was he !
DAMON was the pride of nature,
Charming in his every feature,
DAMON liv'd alone for me ;
Melting kisses,
Murmuring blisses,
Who so liv'd and lov'd as we ?

Never

Never shall we curse the morning,
 Never blefs the night returning,
 Sweet embraces to reftore ;
 Never shall we both lie dying,
 Nature failing, love fupplying
 All the joys he drain'd before :
 Death come end me
 To befriend me ;
 Love and DAMON are no more !

DRYDEN.

TO the brook and the willow that heard him complain,
 Ah willow ! willow !
 Poor COLIN went weeping, and told them his pain.
 Ah willow ! willow !
 Sweet fream, he cry'd, fadly I'll teach thee to flow,
 Ah willow ! willow !
 And the waters fhall rife to the brink with my woe.
 Ah willow ! willow !
 All refliefs and painful my CELIA now lies,
 Ah willow ! willow !

And counts the sad moments of time as it flies :

Ah willow ! willow !

To the nymph, my heart's love, ye soft slumbers repair,

Ah willow ! willow !

Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make her your care;

Ah willow ! willow !

Let me be left restless, mine eyes never close,

Ah willow ! willow !

So the sleep that I lose give my dear one repose.

Ah willow ! willow !

Sweet stream ! if you chance by her pillow to creep,

Ah willow ! willow !

Perhaps your soft murmurs may lull her to sleep.

Ah willow ! willow !

But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed,

Ah willow ! willow !

And the loss of my charmer the fates have decreed,

Ah willow ! willow !

Believe me, thou fair one, thou dear one, believe,

Ah willow ! willow !

Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears will I give ;

Ah willow ! willow !

One fate to thy COLIN and thee shall betide,

Ah willow ! willow !

And soon lay thy shepherd down by thy cold side.

Ah willow ! willow !

Then

Then glide gentle brook, and to lose thyself haste,

Ah willow ! willow !

Bear this to my willow ; this verse is my last.

Ah willow ! willow ! Ah willow, willow !

Rowe.

TO fair FIDELE's grassy tomb
 Soft maids, and village hinds shall bring
 Each op'ning sweet of earliest bloom,
 And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
 But shepherd lads assemble here,
 And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
 No goblins lead their nightly crew ;
 But female fays shall haunt the green,
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The red breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gather'd flow'rs
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or midst the chace upon the plain
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lovely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd, till life could charm no more,
And mourn'd, till pity's self be dead.

COLLINS.

WHEN here LUCINDA first we came
Where ARNO rolls his silver stream,
How blythe the nymphs, the swains how gay,
Content inspir'd each rural lay.

The

The birds in livelier concert sung,
 The grapes in thicker clusters hung,
 All look'd as joy could never fail
 Among the sweets of ARNO's vale.

But now since good PALÆMON died,
 The chief of shepherds and the pride,
 Old ARNO's sons must all give place
 To northern swains, an iron race.
 The taste of pleasure now is o'er,
 Thy notes LUCINDA please no more,
 The muses droop, the Goths prevail,
 Adieu the sweets of ARNO's vale.

DORSET.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
 And finds too late that men betray,
 What charm can sooth her melancholy?
 What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is,—to die.

GOLDSMITH.

TELL my STREPHON that I die;
Let ecchoes to each other tell,
Till the mournful accents fly
To STREPHON's ear, and all is well.

But gently breathe the fatal truth,
And soften every harsher sound,
For STREPHON's such a tender youth,
The softest words too deep will wound.

Now fountains, ecchoes, all be dumb;
For should I cost my swain a tear,
I should repent it in my tomb,
And grieve I bought my rest so dear.

FROM place to place, forlorn, I go,
 With down cast eyes, a silent shade;
 Forbidden to declare my woe;
 To speak, till spoken to, afraid.

My inward pangs, my secret grief,
 My soft consenting looks betray;
 He loves, but gives me no relief;
 Why speaks not he who may?

STEEL.

THERE is one dark and fullen hour,
 Which fate decrees our lives should know,
 Else we should flight th' almighty power,
 Wrapt in the joys we find below:

Tis

Tis past, dear CYNTHIA, now let frowns begone,
 A long, long penance I have done
 For crimes, alas! to me unknown.

In each soft hour of silent night
 Your image in my dream appears ;
 I grasp the soul of my delight,
 Slumber in joys, but wake in tears :
 Ah ! faithless charming faint, what will you do ?
 Let me not think I am by you
 Lov'd less for being true.

FAIR, and soft, and gay, and young,
 All charm ! she play'd, she danc'd, she sung,
 There was no way to 'scape the dart,
 No care could guard the lover's heart.
 Ah ! why, cry'd I, and dropt a tear,
 (Adoring, yet despairing e'er
 To have her to myself alone)
 Was so much sweetness made for one ?

But

But growing bolder, in her ear
 I in soft numbers told my care :
 She heard, and rais'd me from her feet,
 And seem'd to glow with equal heat.
 Like heaven's, too mighty to express,
 My joys could but be known by guesses !
 Ah ! fool, said I, what have I done,
 To wish her made for more than one ?

But long I had not been in view,
 Before her eyes their beams withdrew ;
 E'er I had reckon'd half her charms
 She sunk into another's arms.
 But she that once could faithless be,
 Will favour him no more than me :
 He too will find himself undone,
 And that she was not made for one.

THO' cruel you seem to my pain,
 And hate me because I am true ;
 Yet, PHYLLIS, you love a false swain,
 Who has other nymphs in his view.

Enjoyment's

Enjoyment's a trifle to him,
To me what a heaven t'would be !
To him but a woman you seem,
But, ah ! you're an angel to me.

Those lips which he touches in haste
To them I forever could grow ;
Still clinging around that dear waist
Which he spans as beside him you go.

That arm, like a lilly so white,
Which over his shoulders you lay,
My bosom could warm it all night,
My lips they could press it all day.

Were I like a monarch to reign,
Were graces my subjects to be,
I'd leave them, and fly to the plain,
To dwell in a cottage with thee.

But if I must feel your disdain,
If tears cannot cruelty drown,
Oh ! let me not live in this pain,
But give me my death in a frown.

YE happy swains whose hearts are free
 From love's imperial chain,
 'Take warning and be taught by me
 T' avoid th' enchanting pain;
 Fatal the wolves to trembling flocks,
 Fierce winds to blossoms prove,
 To careless seamen hidden rocks,
 To human quiet love.

Fly the fair sex if bliss you prize,
 The snake's beneath the flower;
 Who ever gaz'd on beauteous eyes
 That tasted quiet more?
 How faithless is the lover's joy!
 How constant is their care!
 The kind with falsehood to destroy,
 The cruel with despair.

ETHERIDGE.

WHEN your beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky;
At distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle my eye!

But when without art,
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in blushes thro' every vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart,
Then I know you're a woman again.

There's a passion and pride
In our sex, she reply'd,
And thus, might I gratify both, would I do;
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But yet be a woman to you.

AS AMORET with PHILLIS sat
One evening on the plain,
And saw the gentle STREPHON wait
To tell the nymph his pain,
The threatening danger to remove,
She whisper'd in her ear,
Ah PHILLIS ! if you would not love,
That shepherd do not hear.

None ever had so strange an art
His passion to convey
Into a listning virgin's heart,
And steal her soul away.
Fly, fly betimes for fear you give
Occasion for your fate,
In vain said she, in vain I strive ;
Alas ! 'tis now too late.

CAN love be controul'd by advice
Can madness and reason agree?
O MOLLY, who'd ever be wise,
If madness is loving of thee?
Let sages pretend to despise
The joys they want spirits to taste,
Let us seize old time as he flies,
And the blessings of life while they last.

Dull wisdom but adds to our cares;
Brisk love will improve ev'ry joy,
Too soon we may meet with gray hairs,
Too late may repent being coy.
Then MOLLY, for what should we stay
Till our best blood begins to run cold?
Our youth we can have but to day,
We may always find time to grow old.

MORTALS, learn your lives to measure
 Not by length of time, but pleasure ;
 Now the hours invite, comply ;
 While you idly pause, they fly :
 Blest, a nimble pace they keep,
 But in torment, then they creep.

Mortals, learn your lives to measure
 Not by length of time, but pleasure ;
 Soon your spring must have a fall ;
 Losing youth, is losing all :
 Then you'll ask, but none will give,
 And may linger, but not live.

BID me when forty winters more
 Have furrow'd deep my pallid brow,
 When from my head, a scanty store
 Lankly the wither'd tresses flow ;

L

When

When the warm tide, that bold and strong
Now rolls impetuous on and free,
Languid and flow scarce creeps along,
Then bid me court sobriety.

Nature who form'd the varied scene
Of rage and calm, of frost and fire,
Unerring guide, could only mean,
That age should reason, youth desire.
Shall then that rebel man, presume
(Inverting nature's law) to seize
The dues of age in youth's high bloom,
And join impossibilities?

No—let me waste the frolic May
In wanton joys and wild excess,
In revel sport and laughter gay
And mirth, and rosy chearfulness;
Woman, the soul of all delights,
And wine the aid of love be near;
All charms me that to joy incites,
And every she that's kind is fair.

TELL me not I my time mispend,
'Tis time lost to reprove me;
Pursue thou thine, I have my end,
So CHLORIS only love me.

Tell me not others flocks are full,
Mine poor, let them despise me
Who more abound in milk and wool,
So CHLORIS only prize me.

Tire others easier ears with these
Unappertaining stories;
He never feels the worlds disease
Who cares not for her glories.

For pity, thou that wiser art,
Whose thoughts lie wide of mine,
Let me alone with my own heart,
And I'll ne'er envy thine.

Nor blame him, whoe'er blames my wit,
That seeks no higher prize,
Than in unenvy'd shades to fit,
And sing of CHLORIS' eyes.

EATON.

WHY cruel creature, why so bent,
To vex a tender heart?
To gold and title you relent;
Love throws in vain his dart.

Let glitt'ring fops in courts be great,
For pay let armies move:
Beauty should have no other bait,
But gentle vows and love.

If on those endless charms you lay
The value that's their due;
Kings are themselves too poor to pay;
A thousand worlds too few.

But

But if a passion without vice,
 Without disguise or art,
 Ah CELIA ! if true love's your price,
 Behold it in my heart.

LANDSDOWN.

FOREVER, fortune, wilt thou prove
 An unrelenting foe to love ;
 And when we meet a mutual heart,
 Come in between and bid us part.

Bid us sigh on from day to day,
 And wish, and wish the soul away,
 Till youth and genial years are flown,
 And all the life of life is gone.

But busy, busy still art thou,
 To bind the loveless joyless vow,
 The heart from pleasure to delude,
 And join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O fortune ! hear my pray'r,
And I absolve thy future care ;
All other wishes I resign,
Make but the dear AMANDA mine.

YOUNG I am and yet unskill'd
How to make a lover yield ;
How to keep, and how to gain,
When to love, and when to feign.

Take me, take me some of you
While I yet am young and true ;
E'er I can my foul disguise,
Heave my breasts, and roll my eyes.

Stay not till I learn the way
How to lye and to betray ;
He that has me first, is blest,
For I may deceive the rest.

Could

Could I find a blooming youth
Full of love, and full of truth,
Brisk, and of a janty mien,
I should long to be fifteen.

SAY not, OLINDA, I despise
The faded glories of your face,
The languished vigour of your eyes,
And that once only-lov'd embrace.

In vain, in vain, my constant heart
On aged wings, attempts to meet,
With wonted speed, those flames you dart,
It faints, and flutters at your feet.

I blame not your decay of power,
You may have pointed beauties still,
Tho' me, alas ! they wound no more ;
You cannot hurt what cannot feel.

On youthful climes your beams display,
There you may cherish with your heat,
And rise the sun to gild their day,
To me, benighted, when you set.

DEAR CHLOE while thus beyond measure
You treat me with doubts and disdain;
You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
And hoard up an old age of pain :
Your maxim that love is still founded
On charms that will quickly decay,
You will find to be very ill grounded
When once you its dictates obey.

The passion from beauty first drawn
Your kindness will vastly improve ;
Soft looks and gay smiles are the dawn,
Fruition's the sun shine of love :
And tho' the bright beams of your eyes
Should be clouded, that now are so gay,
And darkness obscure all the skies,
We ne'er can forget it was day.

Old DARBY with JOAN by his side
 You oft have regarded with wonder ;
 He is dropfical, ſhe is fore-ey'd,
 Yet they're ever uneaſy aſunder ;
 Together they totter about
 And fit in the fun at the door,
 And at night when old DARBY's pot's out
 His JOAN will not ſmoke a whiff more.

No beauty nor wit they poſſeſs
 Their ſeveral failings to ſmother,
 Then what are the charms can you gueſs
 That makes them ſo fond of each other ?
 'Tis the pleaſing remembrance of youth,
 The endearments that love did beſtow,
 The thoughts of paſt pleaſure and truth,
 The beſt of all bleſſings below.

Theſe traces forever will laſt
 Which ſickneſs nor time can remove ;
 For when youth and beauty are paſt,
 And age brings the winter of love,
 A frienſhip inſenſibly grows,
 By reviews of ſuch raptures as theſe,
 And the current of fondneſs ſtill flows
 Which decrepid old age cannot freeze.

AWAY, let nought to love displeasing
My WINIFREDA move thy fear,
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride ; nor gloomy care.

What tho' no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood,
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble we'll be good.

What tho' from fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess,
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give,
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Our

Our name while virtue thus we tender
Shall sweetly found where'er 'tis spoke,
And all the great ones much shall wonder
How they admire such little folk.

Thro' youth and age in love excelling
We'll hand in hand together tread,
Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures
Whilst round my knees they fondly clung,
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear 'em lisp their mother's tongue.

And when with envy time transported
Shall think to rob us of our joys ;
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

GILBERT COOPER.

O NANCY, wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town :
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown ?
No longer drest in filken sheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say can't thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O NANCY ! when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind ?
Say can't thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind ?
O can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
Nor fad regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O NANCY ! canst thou love so true,
Thro' perils keen with me to go,
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe ?

Say

DESCRIPTIVE SONGS. 173

Say should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor wistful those gay scenes recal
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flowers and drop the tender tear;
Nor *then* regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

PERCY.

IV.

E S S A Y

O N

INGENIOUS AND WITTY

S O N G S.

THERE is no product of mental cultivation for which we are so little indebted to the antients, as *wit*. This has been observed in a former Essay to be the latest growth of the mind; and the
antients

antients had scarcely attained to it, before the deluge of gothic barbarity broke in, and swept away all the tender plants of literary genius.

THOUGH some of their early writers carried sublimity and beauty to their highest perfection, yet were they in general utterly devoid of a just taste for that elegant and delightful artifice of composition termed wit, and their attempts in it were to the highest degree coarse and unpolished. Ovid had a brilliancy and artificial turn of fancy, which frequently produced true wit, but more frequently that false glitter which is only its counterfeit. Martial advanced so far as to give perfect models of his particular branch of wit, the epigrammatic; yet a prevailing number of faulty pieces demonstrates that he was void of judgment to distinguish the most excellent parts of a faculty which he possessed.

By

By the Lyric poets wit appears to have been quite unknown or disregarded. Anacreon and Horace, have indeed a gaiety and smartness of sentiment, but extremely different from the turn of thought in such modern pieces as we shall include in the present class.

A TASTE for true wit soon followed the revival of learning and the fine arts in Europe ; for, modern literature being founded upon the classical remains of antiquity, had not a tedious gradation to go through, but acquired immediate refinement ; and genius awaking from her long slumber, seemed to proceed towards perfection as if she had never been interrupted. Italy, where the arts had been entombed, first felt the genial warmth of their revival. Every elegant production there shone forth with its wonted lustre ; and wit, peculiarly favoured by the temper

per of the inhabitants, flourished more extensively and with greater brilliancy than it had ever done. From thence it made excursions into Spain and France, and came late, but in full vigour and maturity into England. After having in time refined itself from the debasing mixture of quibble and conceit, it became so universally admired and sought after, that a considerable period of English genius may be distinguished by the title of the witty æra. During this period, the dominion of wit was so extensive, that it usurped a place in several compositions where its presence was altogether improper, and foreign to the purpose; this however does not appear to be the case with respect to its alliance with the Lyric muse, whose versatility of character is such, that she is capable of adapting herself to the sprightly and ludicrous, equally with the tender and pathetic.

VARIOUS writers have attempted to give a definition of wit, but like most of the qualities of thought, it is more easily described, and pointed out by instances, than defined. Opinion has considerably varied concerning the proper application of this term; for while our oldest authors use it to signify knowledge and good sense in general, the succeeding restrain it to what is called *fine writing*, and its more modern signification is still farther limited. *Fine writing* has been ingeniously defined to consist of *thoughts, natural, but not obvious*; the effects of which are, that besides the emotions or sensations excited by their particular nature, they also occasion a degree of pleasing surprize at their uncommonness. Surprize is also the effect which characterises wit; but in this it is so much more the object, that scarcely any other effect, except what secondarily results from it, is produced. The thought therefore is nei-
ther

ther obvious nor natural, but entirely artificial.

THE best definition of wit I take to be that of Locke and Addison, thus contracted by Lord Kaimes: *a junction of things by distant and fanciful relations, which surprise because they are unexpected.*

THE figures of *comparison*, simile, allusion, metaphor and allegory, being the most obvious means of junction between different objects, will, from this definition, appear to be the chief sources of wit. Comparison is used for various purposes. It is employed in grave and didactic subjects for the sake of illustration. In sublime and pathetic poetry it is used to elevate and adorn, and like a reflected light to redouble the effect of the simple object. For both these purposes it is evident, that the more complete the resemblance is, be-

tween the object of comparison and thing compared, the more perfectly the intention is answered. The mind is pleased at discovering a number of concurring circumstances; and by minutely touching upon similar parts in both objects, the emotion is heightened. This is finely exemplified by that beautiful simile in Virgil, where the lamentation of Orpheus for the loss of his Eurydice is compared to that of a nightingale robbed of its young. The thought itself, though beautiful, is nothing new or uncommon; but the poet's skill and judgment is shewn in particularizing, with a minuteness of description, such circumstances of the compared object as sweetly correspond with the pathetic turn of the original story.

Qualis populea moerens Philomela sub umbra
 Amissos queritur foetus, quos durus arator
 Observans nido implumes detraxit: at illa
 Flet

Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
Integrat, & moestis late loca questibus implet.

Georgic. IV.

As in some poplar shade the nightingale,
With piercing moans does her lost young bewail,
Which the rough hind, observing as they lay
Warm in their downy nest, had stol'n away:
But she in mournful sounds does still complain }
Sings all the night, tho' all her songs are vain, }
And still renews her miserable strain.

Lee's Theodosius.

WHEN comparison is employed as the source of wit, its excellence lies in such opposite qualities, that the more dissimilar the objects are in general circumstances, the more strongly do they promote that effect, which as the definition imports, proceeds from the *junction of things by dis-*

tant and fanciful relations. Thus in the following simile from Hudibras,

Now like a lobster boil'd, the morn
From black to red began to turn.

the total dissimilarity of the objects in every circumstance, except that which brings them forcibly together, raises the highest degree of surprize.

FOR this reason, contrast joined to comparison perfects the idea of wit: And as the effect of this is almost always *ludicrous*, one is apt to consider it as an essential property of wit that the surprize excited should have something *comic* or *mirthful* in it. Lord Kaims appears to have fallen into this opinion, yet if we take our ideas of wit from such instances as have ever been allowed standard examples of perfection, we shall find that this rule cannot
be

be admitted without the exclusion of the finest thoughts in our most witty writers. Cowley and Waller abound in instances of serious and delicate wit, which to a high degree cause *surprize* and admiration, but totally unmixed with any thing ludicrous. I might copy almost their whole works, with those of all the amorous and gallant poets in that age for such examples. It would be an unprecedented severity to deny wit to Waller's celebrated allusion to the story of Apollo and Daphne;

Like Phœbus, thus, acquiring unsought praise,
He catcht at love, but fill'd his arms with bays.

THE following instance, (from Mrs. Greville's prayer for indifference) which even nearly approaches to the pathetic, must be allowed to possess real wit.

Nor ease nor peace that heart can know,
 That like the needle true,
 Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
 But turning, trembles too.

EVEN Hudibras, which affords such a profusion of ludicrous wit, contains also some of the serious kind. Thus, referring to the constancy of an unfavoured lover, there is this delicately witty simile,

True as the dial to the sun
 Altho' it be not shin'd upon.

COMPARISON is not the only source from whence wit is derived. The agreeable surprize which characterises it, is produced not only by the unexpected junction of an object with another foreign to it, but from some uncommon turn of a thought, as it were, within itself; where some unexpected deduction is made from
 the

the premises; or in other words, to speak in the language of the definition, where the *relation* of cause and effect, antecedent and consequent, is *distant and fanciful*. This kind of wit is chiefly to be met with in epigram, and the variations in those pieces which are promiscuously ranged under this title, will very well serve to point out the circumstances by which a thought becomes ingenious and witty.

THE original Greek epigram was merely, as its name imports, an inscription, containing a single thought, simply turned and expressed. It was generally some moral sentence, or some plain fact relating to the particular subject of the inscription; and its sole merit consisted in propriety of expression, and harmony of versification. In short, let critics as much as they please affect to admire the simplicity of the Greek epigram, it was certainly a very insipid
piece

piece of composition. Martial, first of any writer whose works are descended to our time, changed the nature of the epigram, by introducing unusual thoughts, and artificial turns of sentiment. Some of his epigrams exactly answer the idea of *fine writing* before given; consisting of natural, but uncommon thoughts, and exciting rather a calm admiration and applause, than a sudden surprize. To these, the term of *ingenious*, may, I think, be properly applied. The following examples are translated from him.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward creeps to death; the brave lives on.

I offer love, but thou respect wilt have;
Take, Sextus, all thy pride and folly crave,
But know I can be no man's friend and slave. }

He's

He's grave and sober—well, what's that to me?
Such let my slave, not my companion be.

Add this of Prior,

Blest be the princes who have fought
For pompous names, or wide dominion;
Since by their error we are taught
That happiness is but opinion.

If with these the following instances be
carefully compared, it will perhaps go
nearer than abstract definitions can do, to
give a just notion of the gradation from
fine writing and ingenuity, to wit.

The golden hair that Galla wears,
Is hers; who would have thought it?
She swears 'tis hers, and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it.

Whilst

Whilst in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
 And heard the tempting Syren in thy tongue,
 What flames, what darts, what anguish I endur'd!
 But when the candle enter'd, I was cur'd.

Cinna cries out I am not worth a groat ;
 And is, plague on him! what he would be thought.

On his death-bed poor Lubin lies,
 His spouse is in despair,
 With frequent sobs, and mutual cries,
 They both express their care.

A diff'rent cause, says parson Sly,
 The same effect may give ;
 Poor Lubin fears that he shall die ;
 His wife, that he may live.

On a LADY'S PATCH.

That envious speck upon your face
Had been a foil on one less fair,
On you it hides a charming grace,
And you, in mercy, placed it there.

She gazes all around her,
And wins a thousand hearts ;
But Cupid cannot wound her,
For she has all his darts.

IN all these, an unexpected conclusion from the premises, or accounting for effects by fanciful causes, excites that sudden emotion of *surprize*, which is the surest mark of a witty conception.

I HAVE purposely selected some ludicrous and some serious instances, to show that in this branch of wit, as well as in
that

that arising from comparison, the effect may vary without essentially altering its quality.

THESE brief observations on the nature of wit in general, are not offered either as new, or as sufficient for the accurate discussion of so nice a subject; but they appeared necessary to introduce our particular remarks upon the class of *witty and ingenious songs*; and I shall now proceed to them.

AN artificial turn of thought was at one time so much the fashion in song writing, that, as before observed, Mr. Phillips seems to consider it as essential to this species of composition. This unavoidably led him to take notice of the difficulty in distinguishing between *song* and *epigram*, yet he has done nothing towards removing it. The truth is, that in like manner as
the

the passionate song is sometimes entirely the same with the amorous *ode*, so the witty and ingenious song is entirely the same with the *epigram*. Yet, in this case, as well as in the former, there are peculiar characters of each, which in general render it sufficiently obvious what name to apply.

THE epigram is a single piece of wit, put into verse. Its perfection consists in great brevity, ease and perspicuity of language, and in such a manner of conducting the thought as to conclude with that striking turn which constitutes the point of wit. Its most happy subject seems to be laughable satire, and the species of wit most proper to it, that depending upon the artificial turn of a thought within itself, and not a figure of comparison. A song has been defined to consist also of a single thought, but divided into returning

ing portions of measure, so as to be fitted for music. Its subject has been in general restricted to love and gaiety, and its poetical character ought not to depend upon harmony of versification alone, but upon some of those ornamental figures which elevate sentiment and description above the pitch of ordinary language. Hence the wit most proper to song-writing is of that kind which arises from imagery and comparison, and a mere repartee in verse will not come up to the strain of poetry expected in a song. For this reason I should not hesitate to pronounce the little French piece which Mr. Phillips says passes abroad for an excellent song, an epigram and no song.

Thou speakest always ill of me,
 I speak always well of thee;
 Yet spite of all our noise and pother,
 The world believes nor one nor t'other.

HERE

HERE is not one circumstance which agrees with the true character of song-writing. When the epigram is upon a subject within the province of love or wine, and its measure has the variety and uniformity which suits the union with music, it becomes much more dubious by what term to distinguish it. There is an extremely apt instance in Congreve's *Double Dealer*, (Act III. Scene 10.) not only with respect to the piece itself, but his own opinion of this difficulty, which is given by the mouth of one of the characters.

Briske. " 'Tis not a song neither—'tis a sort of epigram, or rather an epigrammatic sonnet; I don't know what to call it, but it's satire."

Ancient Phillis has young graces,
 'Tis a strange thing, but a true one;
 Shall I tell you how?

N

She

She herself makes her own faces,
 And each morning wears a new one;
 Where's the wonder now?

IN the following collection several instances of this kind will be met with, which the circumstance of measure alone has determined me without scruple to admit in the rank of songs. I cannot point out a more complete example than a piece of Lord Landsdown's;

Chloe's the wonder of her sex.

IT is universally agreed that absolute singleness of thought is essential to the epigram. Whether this rule be so strictly applicable to the song, will admit of some discussion. Mr. Phillips very justly censures the great licentiousness of Cowley, and some of our most witty poets, in the variety of thoughts which they admit into
 their

their songs. A succession of new ideas started in every line, just touched upon, and immediately lost, distracts the attention, and enfeebles the effect of the whole; and amidst the profusion of ornament, real elegance and beauty is overwhelmed. Yet if the ornamental character of Lyric poetry be considered, it will not perhaps appear inconsistent with a just taste, that the single original thought, which is the foundation of every piece, may through the course of several stanzas be enlivened with a moderate variety of imagery, if the general tendency of the whole be similar, and if the most striking point be reserved for the conclusion. Wit, indeed, in its highest perfection, is a rarity of too rich a taste and too delicious a flavour, to be devoured like common food; it is properly the desert that crowns the feast, and it rather shows the glutton than the true epicure to take it promiscuously with other things.

For this reason, though there may be in a song a variety of such ingenious turns as come under the denomination of fine writing, yet the point of genuine wit ought to be single. The surprise which it excites, is of a kind that does not mix readily with any other emotion, and when it occurs in different parts of a song, it seems to divide it into so many distinct portions. Thus the following piece rather appears like three epigrams united, than a connected song.

Cosmelia's charms inspire my lays;
 Who young in nature's scorn,
 Blooms in the winter of her days,
 Like Glastonbury thorn.

Cosmelia cruel at three-score,
 Like bards in modern plays,
 Four acts of life pass'd guiltless o'er,
 But in the fifth she flays.

If

If e'er impatient for the blifs
Within her arms you fall,
The plaster'd fair returns the kifs,
Like Thisbe, thro' a wall.

THERE cannot be a more complete instance of fine taste and elegant simplicity in the management of a witty conception, than in the song,

Why will Florella while I gaze,

and among a variety of beautiful pieces of a similar kind which this collection affords, I would fix upon it as the most perfect. The two songs by which Mr. Phillips exemplifies his idea of song-writing,

On Belvidera's bosom lying,

and

Boast not mistaken swain thy art,

N 3

must

must be acknowledged finished pieces of the *ingenious* song, where, without any remarkable brilliancy, there is a pleasing vein of uncommon sentiment expressed with great delicacy of language, and managed so as to conclude with a striking turn of thought.

For this kind of writing he justly cites the French as peculiarly excellent; and it may not be improper to give a few specimens of their songs, by way of comparison with ours of a similar turn.

Quand le sage Damon dit, que d'un trait mortel,
L'Amour blesse les cœurs sans qu'ils osent s'en plaindre;
Que c'est un Dieu traître & cruel,
L'Amour pour moi n'est pas à craindre.

Mais quand le jeune Atis me vient dire à son tour,
Ce Dieu n'est qu'un enfant, doux, caressant, aimable,
Plus beau mille fois que le jour;
Que je le trouve redoutable!

Dieu des amants, viens accorder ma lyre,
Me pourrois-tu refuser mes leçons ?
La jeune Iris, l'honneur de ton empire,
Attend de moi d'amoureuses chansons.

A mes accents rend la belle attentive,
Fai moi trouver la route de son cœur ;
Viens endormir une raison craintive,
Qui lui defend d'écouter ma lueur.

Va, dit l'Amour, j'exauce ta priere,
Tu recevras la prix que tu pretend ;
Aux petites soins d'un cœur tendre & sincere
On ne sauroit se refuser long tems.

Pourriez vous bien etre encore inflexible,
Après ces mots du plus puissant des Dieux ?
Quand il promet de vous rendre sensible,
Charmante Iris, il etoit dans vos yeux.

La Raïson n'est pas raisonnable,
Bien fou qui s'en laisse charmer,
Elle me dit, Iris, que vous etes aimable,
Et me defend de vous aimer.

Aime Iris, dit l'Amour, puisque elle a su te plaire,
Profite des beaux jours de ta belle saison ;
Ma foi, l'Amour sur cette affaire
Raisonne mieux que la raison.

Tircis, votre langeur extreme
A passé jusques dans mon cœur ;
Parlez, il n'est plus tems de feindre ;
Mais vous ne dites rien, hélas !
Aurois je le malheur de plaindre
Un mal que je ne cause pas.

Le berger qui suivoit mes loix
Se derobe enfin a ma chaine ;
Pour me croire trop inhumaine
Il va fixer ailleurs son choix.
D'un inconstance si cruelle
Je me plaindrois avec éclat,
Si Tircis n'étoit qu'infidelle ;
Mais, par malheur, il est ingrat.

Pensez y bien, jeune Climene,
Remplissez mes tendres desirs ;
Helas ! si pres de vous j'allois perdre ma peine
Vous perdriez mille plaisirs.

Autrefois la charmante Hortense
Dont mille amants formoient la cour,
Par une heureuse preference,
Me donna des leçons d'amour.

Par elle j'appris l'art de plaire,
Ces transports, ces empressemens,
Ces petites soins, la grande affaire,
Et la grande favoir des amants.

Elle m'avoit instruit a peine
De ces doux misteres d'amour,
Qu' aussitot a la jeune Ismene
J'en fis des leçons a mon tour.

Mais en l'instruisant comme on aime
Que j'aimois a voir ses progres !
Le plaisir d'etre instruit moi meme
Avoit eu pour moi moins d'attraits.

Ismene eut toute ma tendresse,
 Et mon eleve a mes regards
 Fut plus chere que ma maitresse ;
 C'en est ainsi dans tous les arts.

Pourquoi soupirez vous charmante Celimene ?
 Vous qui causez aux cœurs des sensibles tourments ?
 Ah ! si je foulageois une si rude peine,
 Je gueroirois aussi des maux que je ressens.

Quand tu vois soupirer la triste Celimene
 C'est que l'amour la livre aux sensibles tourments ;
 Ah ! s'il m'étoit permis de foulager ta peine,
 Je gueroirois aussi des maux que je ressens.

I N G E N I O U S

A N D W I T T Y

S O N G S.

ON BELVIDERA's bosom lying,
Wishing, panting, sighing, dying;
The cold regardless maid to move
With unavailing prayers I sue;
You first have taught me how to love,
Ah! teach me to be happy too.

But she, alas! unkindly wife,
To all my sighs and tears replies,
'Tis every prudent maid's concern
Her lover's fondness to improve;
If to be happy you should learn,
You quickly would forget to love.

BOAST not, mistaken swain, thy art
To please my partial eyes;
The charms that have subdued my heart
Another may despise.

Thy face is to my humour made,
Another it may fright;
Perhaps by some fond whim betray'd
In oddness I delight.

Vain youth, to your confusion know
'Tis to my love's excess
You all your fancied beauties owe,
Which fade as that grows less.

For your own sake, if not for mine,
You should preserve my fire,
Since you my swain no more will shine,
When I no more admire.

By me indeed you are allow'd
The wonder of your kind ;
But be not of my judgment proud
Whom love has render'd blind.

PHILLIPS.

MY love was fickle once and changing,
Nor e'er would settle in my heart,
From beauty still to beauty ranging,
In every face I found a dart.

'Twas first a charming shape enslav'd me,
An eye then gave the fatal stroke ;
Till by her wit CORINNA sav'd me,
And all my former fetters broke.

But now a long and lasting anguish
For BELVIDERA I endure ;
Hourly I sigh, and hourly languish,
Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

For

For here the false inconstant lover
After a thousand beauties shown,
Does new surprising charms discover,
And finds variety in one.

NOT, CELIA, that I juster am,
Or truer than the rest;
For I would change each hour like them,
Were it my interest.

But I'm so fix'd alone to thee
By every thought I have,
That should you now my heart set free
'Twould be again your slave.

All that in woman is ador'd
In thy dear self I find;
For the whole sex can but afford
The handsome, and the kind.

Not to my virtue, but thy power
This constancy is due,
When change itself can give no more
'Tis easy to be true.

IT is not, CELIA, in our power
To say how long our love will last;
It may be we within this hour
May lose the joys we now do taste:
The blessed that immortal be
From change of love are only free.

Then since we mortal lovers are,
Ask not how long our love will last;
But while it does, let us take care
Each minute be with pleasure past:
Were it not madness to deny
To live, because we're sure to die.

ETHERIDGE.

CYNTHIA frowns whene'er I woo her,
Yet she's vex'd if I give over ;
Much she fears I should undo her,
But much more to lose her lover :
Thus in doubting she refuses,
And not winning thus she loses.

Pr'ythee CYNTHIA look behind you,
Age and wrinkles will o'ertake you,
Then too late desire will find you
When the power does forsake you.
Think, oh ! think, the sad condition
To be past, yet wish fruition.

CONGREVE.

LOVE's but the frailty of the mind
When 'tis not with ambition join'd ;
A fickly flame, which if not fed expires,
And feeding, wastes in self-consuming fires.

'Tis not to wound a wanton boy,
Or amorous youth, that gives the joy ;
But 'tis the glory to have pierced a fwain
For whom inferiour beauties sigh'd in vain.

Then I alone the conquest prize,
When I insult a rival's eyes ;
If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see
The heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.

O

CONGREVE.

FAIR AMORET is gone astray,
Pursue and seek her, every lover;
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wand'ring shepherdess discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both study'd, tho' both seem neglected,
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart every glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em;
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Tho' certain aim and art direct 'em.

She likes herself, yet others hates
For that which in herself she prizes;
And, while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that she despises.

CONGREVE.

IN CHLORIS all soft charms agree,
Inchanting humour, pow'rful wit,
Beauty from affectation free,
And for eternal empire fit.
Where'er she goes love waits her eyes,
The women envy, men adore ;
Tho' did she less the triumph prize,
She would deserve the conquest more.

But vanity so much prevails,
She begs what none else would deny her,
Makes such advances with her eyes,
The hope she gives prevents desire :
Catches at every trifling heart,
Grows warm with every glimm'ring flame ;
The common prey so deads her dart,
It scarce can pierce a noble game.

I could lie ages at her feet,
Adore her careless of my pain,
With tender vows her rigours meet,
Despair, love on, and not complain ;

My passion from all change secure
No favours raise, no frown controuls;
I any torment can endure
But hoping with a crowd of fools.

YES, *FULVIA* is like *VENUS* fair,
Has all her bloom and shape and air;
But still to perfect every grace,
She wants—the smile upon her face.

The crown majestic *JUNO* wore,
And *CYNTHIA*'s brow the crescent bore,
A helmet mark'd *MINERVA*'s mein;
But smiles distinguish'd beauty's queen.

Her train was form'd of smiles and loves;
Her chariot drawn by gentlest doves,
And from her zone the nymph may find
'Tis beauty's province to be kind.

Then

Then smile my fair ; and all whose aim
Aspires to paint the Cyprian dame,
Or bid her breathe in living stone,
Shall take their forms from you alone.

SHENSTONE.

I TELL thee, CHARMION, could I time retrieve,
And could again begin to love and live,
To you I should my earliest off'ring give ;
I know my eyes would lead my heart to you,
And I should all my oaths and vows renew,
But, to be plain, I never would be true.

For by our weak and weary truth, I find,
Love hates to centre in a point assign'd,
But runs with joy the circle of the mind :
Then let us never chain what should be free,
But for relief of either sex agree ;
Since women love to change, and so do we.

CONGREVE.

DAMON, if you will believe me,
'Tis not fighting on the plain,
Song nor sonnet can relieve ye ;
Faint attempts in love are vain.

Urge but home the fair occasion,
And be master of the field ;
To a powerful kind invasion
'Twere a madness not to yield.

Love gives out a large commission,
Still indulgent to the brave ;
But one sin of base omission
Never woman yet forgave.

Tho' she vows she'll ne'er permit ye,
Cries you're rude and much to blame,
And with tears implores your pity ;
Be not merciful, for shame.

When

When the fierce assault is over,
CHLORIS time enough will find
This her cruel furious lover
Much more gentle, not so kind.

SEDLEY.

WHAT ! put off with one denial,
And not make a second trial ?
You might see my eyes consenting,
All about me was relenting ;
Women oblig'd to dwell in forms
Forgive the youth that boldly storms.

Lovers when you sigh and languish,
When you tell us of your anguish,
To the nymph you'll be more pleasing
When those sorrows you are easing :
We love to try how far men dare,
And never wish the foe should spare.

LET not love on me bestow
Soft distress and tender woe ;
I know none but substantial blisses,
Eager glances, solid kisses.

I know not what the lovers feign
Of finer pleasure mix'd with pain ;
Then pr'ythee give me, gentle boy,
None of thy grief, but all thy joy.

STEEL.

WHY we love, and why we hate,
Is not granted us to know ;
Random chance, or wilful fate
Guides the shaft from CUPID's bow.

If

If on me ZELINDA frown,
'Tis madness all in me to grieve;
Since her will is not her own,
Why should I uneasy live.

If I for ZELINDA die
Deaf to poor MIZELLA's cries,
Ask me not the reason why;
Seek the riddle in the skies.

DEAR COLIN prevent my warm blushes,
Since how can I speak without pain?
My eyes have oft told you my wishes.
O! can't you their meaning explain?

My passion would lose by expression,
And you too might cruelly blame;
Then don't you expect a confession,
Of what is too tender to name.

Since

Since yours is the province of speaking,
 Why should you expect it from me ;
 Our wishes should be in our keeping,
 Till you tell us what they should be.

Then quickly why don't you discover ?
 Did your heart feel such tortures as mine,
 Eyes not tell over and over
 What I in my bosom confine.

L. M. W. MONTAGUE.

The ANSWER.

GOOD Madam when ladies are willing,
 A man must needs look like a fool ;
 For me I would not give a shilling
 For one that can love without rule.

At least you should wait for our offers,
 Nor snatch like old maids in despair ;
 If you've lived to these years without proffers
 Your sighs are now lost in the air.

You

You should leave us to gueſs at your bluſhing,
And not ſpeak the matter too plain;
'Tis ours to be forward and puſhing;
'Tis yours to affect a diſdain.

That you're in a terrible taking
From all your fond oglings I ſee;
But the fruit that will fall without ſhaking
Indeed is too mellow for me.

SIR W. YONGE.

WHEN firſt I fought fair CÆLIA'S love,
And ev'ry charm was new,
I ſwore by all the Gods above
To be forever true.

But long in vain did I adore,
Long wept and figh'd in vain;
She ſtill proteſted, vow'd, and ſwore
She ne'er would eaſe my pain.

At

At last o'ercome she made me blest,
And yielded all her charms;
And I forsook her when possest,
And fled to other's arms.

But let not this, dear CÆLIA, now
To rage thy breast incline,
For why, since you forget your vow,
Should I remember mine?

SOAME JENYNS.

CORINNA cost me many a prayer,
E'er I her heart could gain,
But she ten thousand more should hear
To take that heart again.

Despair I thought the greatest curse,
But to my cost I find
CORINNA's constancy still worse,
Most cruel when too kind.

How

How blindly then does CUPID carve,
How ill divide the joy,
Who does at first his lovers starve,
And then with plenty cloy.

ALL my past life is mine no more,
The flying hours are gone;
Like transitory dreams given o'er,
Whose images are kept in store
By memory alone.

The time that is to come, is not;
How then can it be mine?
The present moment's all my lot,
And that, as fast as it is got,
PHYLLIS, is only thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
False hearts, and broken vows;

If

If I, by miracle can be
This live-long minute true to thee,
'Tis all that heaven allows.

ROCHESTER.

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
And CELIA has undone me;
But yet I swear I can't tell how
The pleasing plague stole on me.

'Tis not her face that love creates,
For there no graces revel;
'Tis not her shape, for there the fates
Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that
There's nothing more than common,
And all her sense is only chat
Like any other woman.

Her

Her voice, her touch might give th' alarm,
'Twas both perhaps, or neither ;
In short, 'twas that provoking charm
Of CELIA altogether.

WHITEHEAD.

YE little loves that round her wait
To bring me tidings of my fate,
As CELIA on her pillow lies,
Ah! gently whisper—STREPHON dies.

If this will not her pity move,
And the proud fair disdains to love,
Smile and say 'tis all a lye,
And haughty STREPHON scorns to die.

LOVE and folly were at play,
Both too wanton to be wise,
They fell out, and in the fray
Folly put out Cupid's eyes.

Strait the criminal was try'd,
And had this punishment assign'd,
Folly should to love be ty'd,
And condemn'd to lead the blind.

AN amorous swain to JUNO pray'd,
And thus his suit did move;
Give me, oh! give me the dear maid,
Or take away my love.

The

The Goddeſs thunder'd from the ſkies,
 And granted his requeſt ;
 To make him happy, made him wiſe,
 And drove her from his breaſt.

SWAIN, thy hopeleſs paſſion ſmother, *
 Perjur'd CELIA loves another ;
 In his arms I ſaw her lying,
 Panting, kiſſing, trembling, dying ;
 There the fair deceiver ſwore,
 All ſhe did to you before.

P

Oh!

* THE turn in this ſong is ingeniouſly copied out of Ovid's
 epiſtle from Oenone to Paris.

Cum Paris Oenone poterit ſpirare reliſta,
 Ad fontem Xanthi verſa recurret aqua ;
 Xanthe retro propera, verſæque recurrite lymphæ,
 Suſtinet Oenone deſeruiffe Paris.

Oenone left, when Paris can ſurvive,
 The waves of Xanthus ſhall reverse their courſe ;
 Turn waters, turn, flow upward to your ſource,
 Oenone's left, yet Paris bears to live.

Oh! said you, when she deceives me,
When that constant creature leaves me,
Ifis' waters back shall fly,
And leave their oozy channels dry;
Turn, ye waters, leave your shore,
For perjur'd CELIA loves no more.

CUPID, instruct an amorous swain
Some way to tell the nymph his pain
To common youths unknown;
To talk of sighs, and flames, and darts,
Of bleeding wounds, and burning hearts,
Are methods vulgar grown.

What need'st thou tell? (the God reply'd)
That love the shepherd cannot hide,
Thy nymph will quickly find;
When Phœbus does his beams display,
To tell men gravely that 'tis day,
Is to suppose them blind.

LOVE's a dream of mighty treasure,
Which in fancy we possess;
In the folly lies the pleasure,
Wisdom always makes it less.

When we think by passion heated
We a Goddess have in chace,
Like Ixion we are cheated,
And a gaudy cloud embrace.

Happy only is the lover
Whom his mistress well deceives;
Seeking nothing to discover,
He contented lives at ease.

While the wretch who would be knowing
What the fair one would disguise,
Labours for his own undoing,
Changing happy to be wise.

TELL me no more I am deceiv'd,
That CHLOE's false and common;
I always knew (at least believ'd)
She was a very woman:
As such I lik'd, as such carefs'd,
She still was constant when possess'd,
She could do more for no man.

But oh! her thoughts on others ran,
And that you think a hard thing;
Perhaps she fancied you the man;
And what care I one farthing?
You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind,
I take her body, you her mind,
Who has the better bargain?

HOADLEY.

MISTAKEN fair, lay Sherlock by,
His doctrine is deceiving,
For while he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our living.

To die's a lesson we shall know
Too soon without a master;
Then let us only study now
How we may live the faster.

To live's to love, to blest, be blest
With mutual inclination;
Share then my ardour in your breast,
And kindly meet my passion.

But if thus blest I may not live,
And pity you deny,
To me at least your Sherlock give,
'Tis I must learn to die.

CHESTERFIELD.

CHLOE's the wonder of her sex,
'Tis well her heart is tender ;
How might such killing eyes perplex,
With virtue to defend her !

But nature graciously inclin'd
With liberal hand to please us,
Has to her boundless beauty join'd
A boundless bent to ease us.

LANDSDOWN.

WHEN ORPHEUS went down to the regions below,
Which men are forbidden to see ;
He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories show,
To set his EURYDICE free.

All

All hell was astonish'd a person so wise
Should rashly endanger his life,
And venture so far ; but how vast their surprise
When they heard that he came for his wife !

To find out a punishment due for his fault
Old Pluto long puzzled his brain,
But hell had not torments sufficient he thought,
So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity succeeding soon vanquish'd his heart,
And pleas'd with his playing so well,
He took her again in reward of his art,
Such merit had music in hell.

LISLE.

VAIN are the charms of white and red,
Which paint the blooming fair ;
Give me the nymph whose snow is spread
Not o'er her face, but hair.

Of smother cheeks the winning grace,
With open force defies ;
But in the wrinkles of her face
CUPID in ambush lies.

If naked eyes set hearts on blaze,
And amorous warmth inspire ;
Thro' glafs, who darts her pointed rays,
Lights up a fiercer fire.

Nor rivals, nor the train of years,
My peace or blifs destroy ;
Alive, she gives no jealous fears,
And dead, she crowns my joy.

CHLOE brisk and gay appears,
On purpose to invite ;
Yet, when I prefs her, she, in tears
Denies her sole delight.

Whilst

Whilst CELIA, seeming shy and coy,
To all her favours grants;
And secretly receives that joy,
Which others think she wants.

I would, but fear I never shall,
With either fair agree;
For CELIA will be kind to all,
But CHLOE won't to me.

O H! turn away those cruel eyes,
The stars of my undoing;
Or death in such a bright disguise
May tempt a second wooing.

Punish their blindly impious pride
Who dare condemn thy glory;
It was my fall that deify'd
Thy name, and seal'd thy story.

Yet

Yet no new fuff'rings can prepare
A higher praise to crown thee ;
Tho' my first death proclaim thee fair,
My second will dethrone thee.

Lovers will doubt thou canst entice
No other for thy fuel ;
And if thou burn one victim twice,
Think thee both poor and cruel.

THE merchant to secure his treasure
Conveys it in a borrow'd name ;
EUPHELIA serves to grace my measure,
But CHLOE is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre
Upon EUPHELIA's toilet lay,
When CHLOE noted her desire
That I should sing, that I should play.

My

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
But with my numbers mix my sighs ;
And whilst I sing EUPHELIA's praise,
I fix my soul on CHLOE's eyes.

Fair CHLOE blush'd ; EUPHELIA frown'd ;
I sung and gaz'd, I play'd and trembled ;
And VENUS to the loves around
Remark'd how ill we all dissembled.

PRIOR.

C ELIA hoard thy charms no more,
Beauty's like the miser's treasure ;
Still the vain possessor's poor,
What are riches without pleasure ?
Endless pains the miser takes
To increase his heaps of money,
Lab'ring bees his pattern makes,
Yet he fears to taste his honey.

Views

Views with aching eyes his store,
Trembling lest he chance to lose it,
Pining still for want of more,
Tho' the wretch wants power to use it.

CELIA thus with endless arts
Spends her days, her charms improving,
Lab'ring still to conquer hearts,
Yet ne'er tastes the sweets of loving.

Views with pride her shape and face,
Fancying still she's under twenty;
Age brings wrinkles on apace,
While she starves with all her plenty.
Soon or late they both will find
Time their idol from them sever,
He must leave his gold behind,
Lock'd within his grave for ever.

CELIA's fate will still be worse,
When her fading charms deceive her,
Vain desire will be her curse
When no mortal will relieve her.
CELIA hoard thy charms no more,
Beauty's like the miser's treasure,
Taste a little of thy store;
What is beauty without pleasure?

AS the snow in vallies lying,
Phœbus his warm beams applying,
Soon dissolves and runs away ;
So the beauties, so the graces
Of the most bewitching faces
At approaching age decay.

As a tyrant when degraded
Is despis'd and is upbraided
By the slaves he once controul'd ;
So the nymph if none could move her
Is contemn'd by every lover
When her charms are growing old.

Melancholic looks and whining,
Grieving, quarreling and pining
Are th' effects your rigours move ;
Soft caresses, amorous glances,
Melting sighs, transporting trances,
Are the blest effects of love.

Fair

Fair ones, while your beauty's blooming
Use your time, lest age resum'g
 What your youth profusely lends,
You are robb'd of all your glories,
And condemn'd to tell old stories
 To your unbelieving friends.

CELIA, too late you would repent;
 The off'ring all your store
Is now but like a pardon sent
 To one that's dead before.

While at the first you cruel prov'd,
 And grant the bliss too late,
You hinder'd me of one I lov'd
 To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent as fair
 When first my court I made,
But when your falshoods plain appear
 My love no longer stay'd.

Your

Your bounty of those favours show
Whose worth you first deface,
Is melting valued medals down,
And giving us the brads.

Oh ! since the thing we beg's a toy,
By lovers priz'd alone,
Why cannot women grant the joy
Before our love is gone ?

WALSH.

LATE when love I seem'd to flight,
PHYLLIS smil'd as well she might ;
Now, said she, our throne may tremble,
Men our province now invade,
Men take up our royal trade,
Men, ev'n men ; do now dissemble,
In the dust our empire's laid.

Tutor'd

Tutor'd by the wife and grave,
Loath I was to be a slave ;
 Mistress founded arbitrary ;
So I chose to hide my flame
Friendship, a discreeter name ;
 But she scorns one jot to vary,
She will love, or nothing, claim.

Be a lover, or pretend,
Rather than the warmest friend ;
 Friendship of another kind is,
Swedish coin of gross allay,
A cart-load will scarce defray ;
 Love, one grain is worth the Indies,
Only love is current pay.

A H! CHLORIS, could I now but sit
As unconcern'd as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No happiness nor pain !

When

When I this dawning did admire,
And prais'd the coming day,
I little thought that rising fire
Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay
As metals in a mine ;
Age from no face takes more away
Than it conceal'd in thine :
But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prest,
So love as unperceiv'd, did fly,
And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid, at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart :
Each gloried in their wanton part ;
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art ;
To make a beauty she.

SAY lovely dream, where could'st thou find
Shadows to counterfeit that face?
Colours of this glorious kind,
Come not from any mortal place.

In heaven it self thou sure wert drest
With that angel-like disguise;
Thus deluded am I blest,
And see my joy with closed eyes.

But ah! this image is too kind
To be other than a dream!
Cruel SACHARISSA's mind
Never put on that sweet extreme.

Fair dream, if thou intend'st me grace,
Change that heavenly face of thine;
Paint despis'd love in thy face,
And make it to appear like mine.

Pale,

Pale, wan, and meagre let it look,
With a pity-moving shape,
Such as wander by the brook
Of LETHE, or from graves escape.

Then to that matchless nymph appear,
In whose shape thou shinest so,
Softly in her sleeping ear,
With humble words express my woe.

Perhaps from greatness, state, and pride,
Thus surpris'd she may fall :
Sleep does disproportion hide,
And death resembling equals all.

WALLER.

COME little infant love me now,
While thine unsuspected years
Clear thine aged father's brow
From cold jealousy and fears.

Q 2

Pretty

Pretty surely 'twere to see
By young love old time beguil'd,
While our sportings are as free
As the nurses with the child.

Common beauties stay fifteen,
Such as yours should swifter move,
Whose fair blossoms are too green
Yet for lust, but not for love.

Love as much the snowy lamb,
Or the wanton kid does prize,
As the lusty bull or ram,
For his morning sacrifice.

Now then love me, time may take
Thee before thy time away;
Of this need we'll virtue make,
And learn love before we may.

So we win of doubtful fate;
And if good to us she meant,
We that good should antedate,
Or if ill, that ill prevent.

Thus

Thus as kingdoms frustrating
Other titles to their crown,
In the cradle crown their king,
So all foreign claims to drown.

So to make all rivals vain
Now I crown thee with my love;
Crown me with thy love again,
And we both shall monarchs prove.

A S I G H.

GENTLE air, thou breath of lovers,
Vapour from a secret fire,
Which by thee itself discovers,
Ever daring to aspire.

Softest note of whisper'd anguish,
Harmony's refined part,
Striking, while thou seem'st to languish,
Full upon the listners heart.

Safest messenger of passion,
Stealing thro' a cloud of spies,
Which constrain the outward fashion,
Close the lips, and guard the eyes.

Shapeless sigh, we ne'er can show thee,
Form'd but to assault the ear ;
Yet, e'er to their cost they know thee,
Every nymph may read thee here.

SHE loves, and she confesses too ;
Then there's at last no more to do ;
The happy work's entirely done,
Enter the town which thou hast won.
The fruits of conquest now begin,
Io triumphe, enter in.

What's this, ye gods, what can it be ?
Remains there still an enemy ?
Bold honour stands up in the gate
And wou'd yet capitulate.

Have

Have I o'ercome all real foes,
And shall this phantom me oppose?

Noisy nothing, stalking shade,
By what witchcraft wert thou made?
Empty cause of solid harms!
But I shall find out counter charms,
Thy airy devilship to remove
From this circle here of love.

Sure I shall rid myself of thee
By the night's obscurity,
And obscurer secrecy.
Unlike to every other spright,
Thou attempt'st not men t'affright,
Nor appear'st, but in the light.

COWLEY.

'TIS now since I sat down before
That foolish fort, a heart,
(Time strangely spent) a year and more,
And still I did my part.

Made my approaches, from her hand
Unto her lip did rise,
And did already understand
The language of her eyes.

Proceeded on with no less art,
My tongue was engineer ;
I thought to undermine the heart
By whispering in the ear.

When this did nothing, I brought down
Great cannon oaths, and shot
A thousand thousand to the town,
And still it yielded not.

I then resolv'd to starve the place
By cutting off all kisses,
Praising and gazing on her face,
And all such little blisses.

To draw her out and from her strength,
I drew all batteries in;
And brought myself to lie at length
As if no siege had been.

When

When I had done what man could do,
And thought the place my own,
The enemy lay quiet too,
And smil'd at all was done.

I sent to know from whence, and where,
These hopes, and this relief ;
A spy inform'd, honour was there,
And did command in chief.

March, march, (quoth I) the word straight give,
Let's lose no time, but leave her ;
That giant upon air will live,
And hold it out forever.

To such a place our camp remove
As will no siege abide :
I hate a fool that starves her love
Only to feed her pride.

SUCKLING.

PURSUING beauty, men descry
The distant shore, and long to prove
(Still richer in variety)
The treasures of the land of love.

We women like weak Indians stand,
Inviting from our golden coast
The wand'ring rovers to our land ;
But she who trades with them is lost.

With humble vows they first begin,
Stealing unseen into the heart ;
But by possession settled in,
They quickly act another part.

For beads and baubles we resign
In ignorance our shining store ;
Discover nature's richest mine,
And yet the tyrants will have more.

Be wife, be wife, and do not try
How he can court, or you be won;
For love is but discovery;
When that is made, the pleasure's done.

STELLA and FLAVIA every hour
Do various hearts surprize;
In STELLA's soul is all her power,
And FLAVIA's in her eyes.
More boundless FLAVIA's conquests are,
And STELLA's more confin'd;
All can discern a face that's fair,
But few a heavenly mind.

STELLA, like Brittain's monarch reigns
O'er cultivated lands;
Like eastern tyrants FLAVIA deigns
To rule o'er barren sands.

Then

Then boast, fair FLAVIA, boast thy face
Thy beauty's only store,
Each day that makes thy charms decrease
Will yield to STELLA more.

EARL.

AS ARIANA young and fair
By night the starry choir did tell,
She found in CASSIOPEIA's chair
One beauteous light the rest excel :
This happy star unseen before,
Perhaps was kindled from her eyes,
And made for mortals to adore
A new-born glory in the skies.

Or if within the sphere it grew,
Before she gaz'd the lamp was dim ;
But from her eyes the sparkles flew
That gave new lustre to the gem :
Bright omen ! what dost thou portend,
Thou threat'ning beauty of the sky ;
What great, what happy monarch's end ?
For sure by thee 'tis sweet to die.

Whether

Whether to thy foreboding fire
We owe the crescent in decay;
Or must the mighty Gaul expire,
A victim to thy fatal ray?
Such a presage will late be shewn
Before the world in ashes lies;
But if less ruin will atone,
Let STREPHON's only fate suffice.

WHEN first I saw LUCINDA's face,
And view'd the dazzling glories there,
She seem'd of a diviner race,
Than that which nature planted here.

With sacred homage down I fell,
Wond'ring whence such a form could spring;
Tell me, I cry'd, fair vision, tell
The dread commands from heaven you bring.

For

For if past sins may be forgiven,
By this bright evidence I know
The careful Gods have made a heaven,
That made such angels for it too.

CLORIS, yourself you so excel,
When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,
That like a spirit, with this spell
Of my own teaching, I am caught.

The eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which on the shaft that made him die
Espy'd a feather of his own,
Wherewith he used to soar so high.

Had ECHO with so sweet a grace
NARCISSUS' loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

WALLER.

STREPHON has fashion, wit and youth,
With all things else that please ;
He nothing wants but love and truth
To ruin me with ease :
But he is flint, and bears the art
To kindle strong desire ;
His pow'r inflames another's heart,
Yet he ne'er feels the fire.

O ! how it does my soul perplex,
When I his charms recall,
To think he should despise the sex,
Or worse, should love 'em all :
My wearied heart, like Noah's dove,
Thus seeks in vain for rest ;
Finding no hope to fix it's love,
Returns into my breast.

MRS. TAYLOR.

AT CYNTHIA's feet I sigh'd, I pray'd,
And wept; yet all the while
The cruel unrelenting maid
Scarce paid me with a smile.

Such foolish timorous arts as these
Wanted the power to charm;
They were too innocent to please,
They were too cold to warm.

Resolv'd, I rose, and softly prest
The lilies of her neck;
With longing eager lips I kist
The roses of her cheek.

Charm'd with this boldness, she relents,
And burns with equal fire;
To all my wishes she consents,
And crowns my fierce desire.

With

With heat like this PYGMALION mov'd
His statue's icy charms ;
Thus warm'd the marble virgin lov'd,
And melted in his arms.

WINE, wine in the morning
Makes us frolick and gay,
That like eagles we soar
In the pride of the day ;
Gouty fots of the night
Only find a decay.

'Tis the sun ripens the grape,
And to drinking gives light ;
We imitate him
When by noon we're at height ;
They steal wine who take it
When he's out of sight.

Boy fill all the glasses,
Fill them up now he shines ;
The higher he rises
The more he refines,
For wine and wit fall
As their maker declines.

IN vain dear CHLOE you suggest
That I inconstant have possess'd
Or lov'd a fairer she ;
Would you with ease at once be cur'd
Of all the ills you've long endur'd,
Consult your glafs and me.

If then you think that I can find
A nymph more fair or one more kind,
You've reason for your fears ;
But if impartial you will prove
To your own beauty or my love,
How needless are your tears !

If in my way I should by chance
Receive or give a wanton glance,
I like but while I view ;
How slight the glance, how faint the kiss,
Compar'd to that substantial bliss
Which I receive from you !

With wanton flight the curious bee
From flower to flower still wanders free ;
And where each blossom blows,

Extracts the juice from all he meets,
But, for his quintessence of sweets
He ravishes the rose.

So my fond fancy to employ
On each variety of joy,
From nymph to nymph I roam ;
Perhaps see fifty in a day,
These are but visits that I pay,
For CHLOE is my home.

SHOULD some perverse malignant star
(As envious stars will sometimes shine)
Throw me from my FLORELLA far,
Let not my lovely fair repine
If in her absence I should gaze
With pleasure on another's face.

The wearied pilgrim, when the sun
Has ended his diurnal race,
With pleasure sees the friendly moon
By borrow'd light, supply his place :
Not that he flights the God of day,
But loves ev'n his reflected ray.

WHY will FLORELLA while I gaze,
My ravish'd eyes reprove,
And chide them from the only face
They can behold with love?

To shun your scorn, and ease my care,
I seek a nymph more kind,
And while I rove from fair to fair
Still gentle usage find.

But oh! how faint is every joy
Where nature has no part;
New beauties may my eyes employ,
But you engage my heart.

So restless exiles doom'd to roam
Meet pity every where;
Yet languish for their native home,
Tho' death attends them there.

ORIGINAL
PIECES.

Advertisement.

ALTHOUGH the collection of songs here offered, contains some pieces not to be found in any other, and assembles many which never before met in one collection; yet in order to gratify that love of novelty which every one who hopes to engage the public attention is expected to address, the Editor is induced to add a few original pieces, that without such a motive would only have been communicated to a small circle of private acquaintance. With regard to some of them, he thinks it necessary to declare that they are admitted here solely upon the plea of novelty, and that he expects no other attention to them than this circumstance may claim. There are others however, which he is not afraid of recommending on a much superiour ground of merit; and does not scruple admitting them to an equal rank in genuine poetry with any that form the preceding collection. For these, which are marked with an asterisk, he is indebted to a friend.

EDWIN AND ETHELINDE. (a)

“ ONE parting kifs, my ETHELINDE!”
 Young EDWIN faultering cried,
 “ I hear thy father’s hasty tread,
 Nor longer muſt I bide.

To-morrow’s eve in yonder wood,
 Beneath the well-known tree,
 Say wilt thou meet thy own true love,
 Whoſe only joy’s in thee?”

She claſp’d the dear beloved youth,
 And figh’d and dropt a tear;
 “ Whate’er betide, my only love
 I’ll ſurely meet thee there.”

They kiſs, they part; a liſtning page
 To malice ever bent,
 O’erheard their talk, and to his lord
 Reveal’d their fond intent.

R 4

The

(a) This piece was printed a few years ſince in the Gentleman’s Magazine.

The baron's brow grew dark with frowns,
 And rage distain'd his cheek,
 "Heavens! shall a vassal shepherd dare
 My daughter's love to seek!

But know, rash boy, thy bold attempt
 Full forely shalt thou rue;
 Nor ne'er again, ignoble maid,
 Shalt thou thy lover view."

The dews of evening fast did fall,
 And darkness spread apace,
 When ETHELINDE with beating breast
 Flew to th' appointed place.

With eager eye she looks around,
 No EDWIN there was seen;
 "He was not wont to break his faith,
 What can his absence mean!"

Her heart beat thick at every noise,
 Each rustling thro' the wood;
 And now she travers'd quick the ground,
 And now she listening stood.

Enlivening hope and chilling fear
 By turns her bosom share,

And

And now she calls upon his name,
Now weeps in sad despair.

Mean-time the day's last glimmerings fled,
And blackening all the sky
A hideous tempest dreadful rose,
And thunders roll'd on high.

POOR ETHELINDE aghast, dismay'd,
Beholds with wild affright
The threat'ning sky, the lonely wood,
And horrors of the night.

“Where art thou now my EDWIN dear!
Thy friendly aid I want;
Ah me! my boding heart foretels
That aid thou canst not grant.”

Thus rack'd with pangs, and beat with storms,
Confus'd and lost she roves;
Now looks to heaven with earnest prayer,
Now calls on him she loves.

At length a distant taper's ray
Struck beaming on her sight;
Thro' brakes she guides her fainting steps
Towards the welcome light.

An aged hermit peaceful dwelt
 In this sequester'd wild,
 Calm goodness sat upon his brow,
 His words were soft and mild.

He ope'd his hospitable door,
 And much admiring view'd
 The tender virgin's graceful form,
 Dash'd by the tempest rude.

“ Welcome, fair maid, whoe'er thou art,
 To this warm shelter'd cell ;
 Here rest secure thy wearied feet,
 Here peace and safety dwell.”

He saw the heart-wrung starting tear,
 And gently fought to know,
 With kindest pity's soothing looks,
 The story of her woe.

Scarce had she told her mournful tale,
 When struck with dread they hear
 Voices confus'd with dying groans,
 The cell approaching near.

“ Help, father ! help,” they loudly cry,
 “ A wretch here bleeds to death,

Some

Some cordial balsam quickly give
To stay his parting breath."

All deadly pale they lay him down,
And gash'd with many a wound ;
When, woful sight ! 'twas EDWIN's self
Lay bleeding on the ground.

With frantic grief poor ETHELINDE
Beside his body falls ;
" Lift up thine eyes, my EDWIN dear,
'Tis ETHELINDE that calls."

That much-lov'd sound recalls his life,
He lifts his closing eyes,
Then feebly murmuring out her name
He gasps, he faints, he dies.

Stupid a while, in dumb despair
She gaz'd on EDWIN dead ;
Dim grew her eyes, her lips turn'd pale,
And life's warm spirit fled.

A D I R G E.

BOW the head thou lilly fair,
 Bow the head in mournful guise;
 Sickly turn thy shining white,
 Bend thy stalk and never rise.

Shed thy leaves thou lovely rose,
 Shed thy leaves so sweet and gay;
 Spread them wide on the cold earth,
 Quickly let them fade away.

Fragrant woodbine all untwine,
 All untwine from yonder bower;
 Drag thy branches on the ground,
 Stain with dust each tender flower.

For, woe is me! the gentle knot,
 That did in willing durance bind
 My EMMA and her happy swain,
 By cruel death is now untwined.

Her head with dim half-closed eyes,
 Is bowed upon her breast of snow;
 And cold and faded are those cheeks,
 That wont with chearful red to glow.

And

And mute is that harmonious voice,
 That wont to breathe the sounds of love ;
 And lifeless are those beauteous limbs,
 That with such ease and grace did move.

And I of all my bliss bereft,
 Lonely and sad must ever moan ;
 Dead to each joy the world can give,
 Alive to memory alone.

* COME here fond youth, whoe'er thou be
 That boasts to love as well as me,
 And if thy breast have felt so wide a wound,
 Come hither and thy flame approve ;
 I'll teach thee what it is to love,
 And by what marks true passion may be found.

It is to be all bath'd in tears,
 To live upon a smile for years,
 To lie whole ages at a beauty's feet ;
 To kneel, to languish and implore,
 And still tho' she disdain, adore ;
 It is to do all this and think thy sufferings sweet.

It

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It is to gaze upon her eyes
 With eager joy and fond surprize,
 Yet temper'd with such chaste and awful fear
 As wretches feel who wait their doom;
 Nor must one ruder thought presume
 Tho' but in whispers breath'd, to meet her ear.

It is to hope, tho' hope were lost,
 Tho' heaven and earth thy passion crost;
 Tho' she were bright as fainted queens above,
 And thou the least and meanest swain
 That folds his flock upon the plain,
 Yet if thou dar'st not hope, thou dost not love.

It is to quench thy joy in tears,
 To nurse strange doubts and groundless fears;
 If pangs of jealousy thou hast not prov'd,
 Tho' she were fonder and more true
 Than any nymph old poets drew,
 Oh never dream again that thou hast lov'd.

If when the darling maid is gone,
 Thou dost not seek to be alone,
 Wrapt in a pleasing trance of tender woe;
 And muse, and fold thy languid arms,
 Feeding thy fancy on her charms,
 Thou dost not love, for love is nourish'd so.

If

If any hopes thy bosom share
 But those which love has planted there,
 Or any cares but his thy breast enthrall,
 Thou never yet his power hast known;
 Love sits on a despotic throne,
 And reigns a tyrant, if he reigns at all.

Now if thou art so lost a thing,
 Here all thy tender sorrows bring,
 And prove whose patience longest can endure;
 We'll strive whose fancy shall be lost
 In dreams of fondest passion most,
 For if thou thus hast lov'd, oh! never hope a cure.

* **I**F ever thou didst joy to bind
 Two hearts in equal passion join'd,
 O son of VENUS! hear me now,
 And bid FLORELLA bless my vow.

If any bliss reserv'd for me
 Thou in the leaves of fate should'st see,
 If any white propitious hour,
 Pregnant with hoarded joys in store;

Now,

Now, now the mighty treasure give,
To her for whom alone I live ;
In sterling love pay all the sum,
And I'll absolve the fates to come.

In all the pride of full-blown charms
Yield her, relenting, to my arms ;
Her bosom touch with soft desires,
And let her feel what she inspires.

But, CUPID, if thine aid be vain
The dear reluctant maid to gain,
If still with cold averted eyes
She dash my hopes, and scorn my sighs ;

O ! grant ('tis all I ask of thee)
That I no more may change than she ;
But still with duteous zeal love on,
When every gleam of hope is gone.

Leave me then alone to languish,
Think not time can heal my anguish,
Pity the woes which I endure,
But never, never grant a cure.

* SYLVIA. **L**EAVE me, simple shepherd, leave me,
 Drag no more a hopeless chain;
 I cannot like, nor would deceive thee,
 Love the maid that loves again.

CORIN. Tho' more gentle nymphs surround me,
 Kindly pitying what I feel,
 Only you have power to wound me,
 SYLVIA, only you can heal.

SYLVIA. CORIN, cease this idle teasing,
 Love that's forc'd is harsh and sour;
 If the lover be displeasing,
 To persist disgusts the more.

CORIN. 'Tis in vain, in vain to fly me,
 SYLVIA, I will still pursue;
 Twenty thousand times deny me,
 I will kneel and weep anew.

SYLVIA. CUPID ne'er shall make me languish,
 I was born averse to love;
 Lover's sighs, and tears, and anguish,
 Mirth and pastime to me prove.

CORIN. Still I vow with patient duty
 Thus to meet your proudest scorn;
 S You

You for unrelenting beauty,
I for constant love was born.

But the fates had not consented,
Since they both did fickle prove ;
Of her scorn the maid repented,
And the shepherd—of his love.

TO SLEEP.

COME gentle God of soft repose,
Come sooth this tortur'd breast ;
Shed kind oblivion o'er my woes,
And lull my cares to rest.

Come gentle God, without thy aid
I sink in dark despair ;
O wrap me in thy silent shade,
For peace is only there.

Let hope in some propitious dream
Her bright illusions spread ;
Once more let rays of comfort beam
Around my drooping head.

O quick-

O quickly fend thy kind relief,
 These heart-felt pangs remove ;
 Let me forget myself, my grief,
 And every care—but love.

* **W**HEN gentle CELIA first I knew,
 A breast so good, so kind, so true,
 Reason and taste approv'd ;
 Pleas'd to indulge so pure a flame,
 I call'd it by too soft a name,
 And fondly thought I lov'd.

Till CHLORIS came, with sad surprise
 I felt the lightning of her eyes
 Thro' all my senses run ;
 All glowing with resistless charms,
 She fill'd my breast with new alarms,
 I saw, and was undone.

O CELIA ! dear unhappy maid,
 Forbear the weakness to upbraid
 Which ought your scorn to move ;
 I know this beauty false and vain,
 I know she triumphs in my pain,
 Yet still I feel I love.

Thy gentle smiles no more can please,
 Nor can thy softest friendship ease
 The torments I endure ;
 'Think what that wounded breast must feel
 Which truth and kindness cannot heal,
 Nor even thy pity cure.

Oft shall I curse my iron chain,
 And wish again thy milder reign
 With long and vain regret ;
 All that I can, to thee I give,
 And could I still to reason live
 I were thy captive yet.

But passion's wild impetuous sea
 Hurries me far from peace and thee,
 'Twere vain to struggle more :
 Thus the poor sailor slumbering lies,
 While swelling tides around him rise,
 And push his bark from shore.

In vain he spreads his helpless arms,
 His pitying friends with fond alarms
 In vain deplore his state ;
 Still far and farther from the coast,
 On the high surge his bark is tost,
 And foundering yields to fate.

* **A**S near a weeping spring reclin'd
The beauteous ARAMINTA pin'd,
And mourn'd a false ungrateful youth;
While dying echoes caught the sound,
And spread the soft complaints around
Of broken vows and alter'd truth;

An aged shepherd heard her moan,
And thus in pity's kindest tone
Address'd the lost despairing maid;
Cease, cease unhappy fair to grieve,
For sounds, tho' sweet, can ne'er relieve
A breaking heart by love betray'd.

Why shouldst thou waste such precious showers,
That fall like dew on wither'd flowers,
But dying passion ne'er restor'd;
In beauty's empire is no mean,
And woman, either slave or queen,
Is quickly scorn'd when not ador'd.

Those liquid pearls from either eye,
Which might an eastern empire buy,
Unvalued here and fruitless fall;

No art the season can renew
 When love was young, and DAMON true,
 No tears a wandering heart recall.

Cease, cease to grieve, thy tears are vain,
 Should those fair orbs in drops of rain
 Vie with a weeping southern sky;
 For hearts o'ercome with love and grief
 All nature yields but one relief;
 Die, hapless ARAMINTA, die.

ASPASIA rolls her sparkling eyes,
 And every bosom feels her power;
 The Indians thus view Phœbus rise,
 And gaze in rapture, and adore.
 Quick to the soul the piercing splendors dart,
 Fire every vein, and melt the coldest heart.

ASPASIA speaks; the listening crowd
 Drink in the sound with greedy ears;
 Mute are the giddy and the loud,
 And self-admiring folly hears.
 Her wit secures the conquests of her face;
 Points every charm, and brightens every grace.

ASPASIA

ASPASIA moves ; her well-turn'd limbs
 Glide stately with harmonious ease ;
 Now thro' the mazy dance she swims,
 Like a tall bark o'er summer seas ;
 'Twas thus ÆNEAS knew the queen of love,
 Majestic moving thro' the golden grove.

But ah ! how cruel is my lot
 To doat on one so heavenly fair ;
 For in my humble state forgot,
 Each charm but adds to my despair.
 The tuneful swan thus faintly warbling lies,
 Looks on his mate, and while he sings, he dies.

* **W**HEN first upon your tender cheek
 I saw the morn of beauty break
 With mild and chearing beam,
 I bow'd before your infant shrine,
 The earliest sighs you had were mine,
 And you my darling theme.

I saw you in that opening morn
 For beauty's boundless empire born,
 And first confess'd your sway ;

And.

And e'er your thoughts, devoid of art,
 Could learn the value of a heart,
 I gave my heart away.

I watch'd the dawn of every grace,
 And gaz'd upon that angel face,
 While yet 'twas safe to gaze;
 And fondly blest each rising charm,
 Nor thought such innocence could harm
 The peace of future days.

But now despotic o'er the plains
 The awful noon of beauty reigns,
 And kneeling crowds adore;
 These charms arise too fiercely bright,
 Danger and death attend the sight,
 And I must hope no more.

Thus to the rising God of day
 Their early vows the Persians pay,
 And bless the spreading fire;
 Whose glowing chariot mounting soon
 Pours on their heads the burning noon,
 They sicken, and expire.

T H E E N D.

